

Vox Wesleyana

INAUGURATION
NUMBER

Vol. XX.

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 1

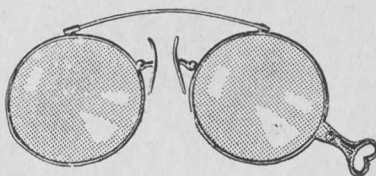
The New "Varsity" Style Eye-Glasses



The New
"VARSITY"
GLASSES
Open and
Closed

**Are Especially Notice-
able Because of the
Large Size of
the Lenses**

This is the one great advantage which they have over ordinary eye glasses—the extra size of the lenses makes reading with them easier on the eyes—the larger lens giving a wider vision. Then, too, the long, flexible spring lets them grip the nose gently, but none the less firmly, enabling one to continue reading for extended periods without either tiring the eyes or hurting the nose.

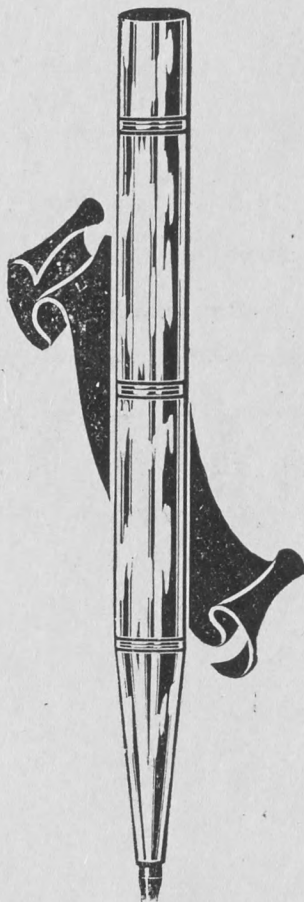


**The Fountain Pen We Illustrate
Is the Latest Model Issued
by the Waterman Company**

It is a combination safety pen and self-filler, that can be carried in any position and, of course, conveniently filled. It is a particularly good one for the varied work and activities of the student, not only of service during lectures but also not liable to leak or "get inky" should its owner be mixed in a scuffle in the halls or on the campus. The price is \$2.50.

**A Sterling Silver Pencil As a
Christmas Gift**

The pencil shown has a patent sharpener that screws on to the end—it is shown at the top of the pencil illustrated—thus enabling you to keep the lead always in good condition for writing. The price is \$1.80.



D. R. Dingwall, Limited

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS

Portage Ave. and Main St.

Main St. and Logan Ave.

\$45
JA

Who's Your Tailor?

**SUIT or OVERCOAT
\$20 to \$30**

TAILORED TO MEASURE

In our sanitary Tailoring Plant in Winnipeg

YOU CANNOT DUPLICATE OUR VALUES

The Royal Tailoring Company

243 PORTAGE AVENUE

The Post Office is just across the street

WALKER

THEATRE



Only theatre in Winnipeg playing
High Class Musical and Dramatic Stars and Companies.

Coming Soon!

San Carlo Grand Opera Company


In elaborate scenic productions of eight Grand Operas. A company of eighty, including twenty distinguished principals and complete Grand Opera orchestra.

"A Pair of Silk Stockings"

A Comedy in three acts by Cyril Harcourt. One of last season's most pronounced New York and Chicago successes.

"The Black Feather"

The latest British Secret Service Drama. An all-English company headed by Albert Brown, creator of the role of "Kit Brent" in "The White Feather."



All that a man could wish for.

And more than most men would expect.

Courteous, thoughtful, interested service. Socks darned, buttons sewn on, repairs made, free of charge.

Won't you try this dependable laundry?

The North West Laundry Limited

"Leaders of Quality"

SKATES

HOCKEY GOODS

FOOTBALL GOODS

BASKET BALL

BOXING GLOVES, ETC.

Special Discounts to Students

The Hingston Smith Arms Co.
Limited

Opposite City Hall

MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG

What simple gift, that lends the touch of friendship, without the embarrassment of an obligation?—Your photograph taken by Jay Lafayette.

Jay Lafayette

**ROYAL COURT
PHOTOGRAPHER**

489 PORTAGE AVE.

WINNIPEG

QUALIFICATION:—Is of highest experience, having held appointments in Windsor Castle Private Studio, taken most of the Royal Family, including Queen Victoria and Queen of Spain.

QTHE RESULT:—Every client shall have personal attention and will be pleased with their picture, so that the result will mean RECOMMENDATION.

The University of Manitoba

WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

With the co-operation of affiliated colleges and through its own
Faculty of forty-two Professors, Assistant Professors, Lecturers and
Demonstrators

OFFERS COURSES LEADING TO DEGREES
in
ARTS, MEDICINE,
ENGINEERING (CIVIL, ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL)
ARCHITECTURE, LAW AND PHARMACY

For information as to any of these courses, apply to **The Registrar**

Gauvin, Gentzel & Co.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

We are now prepared to photo-
graph up to 6 p.m. during the
winter months and by appoint-
ment from 7.30 to 9 p.m

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO ALL STUDENTS

265 PORTAGE AVENUE - 614 Avenue Block
PHONE, MAIN 5223

Wesley College

Affiliated with the University of Manitoba, offers superior advantages to those desirous of obtaining a higher education.

FACULTY

- REV. EBER CRUMMY, M.A., B.Sc., D.D., 125 Ethelbert St., Tel. Sher. 953. Principal, Professor of Systematic Theology and Theology of the Old Testament.
- REV. ANDREW STEWART, D.D., 239 Colony St., Tel. Sher. 1902. Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis.
- REV. SALEM GOLDSWORTH BLAND, B.A., D.D., 146 Sherbrooke, Tel. Sher. 373. Professor of Church History and Lecturer in General History.
- REV. JAMES ELLIOTT, B.A., D.D., Ph.D., 147 Furby St., Tel. Sher. 1562. Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.
- REV. WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON, M.A., Ph.D., 320 River Ave., Tel. Ft. Rouge 3247. Professor of English.
- REV. ALEXANDER J. IRWIN, B.A., B.D., D.D., 900 Palmerston Ave., Tel. Sher. 4643. Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis.
- DANIEL C. HARVEY, B.A. (Dal.), B.A. (Oxon.), Ste. 4, 197 Furby St., Tel. Sher. 1638. Professor of History.
- M. STEWART MACDONALD, M.A. Ph.D., 29 Rothesay Apts., cor. Preston and Home, Tel. Sher. 3199. Professor of Political Science.
- REV. JAMES WILFRED MELVIN, B.A., B.D., 176 Lenore St., Tel. Sher. 1026. Lecturer in Comparative Religion and New Testament Literature. (On active service).
- MISS MARY COYNE ROWELL, B.A., 288 Broadway, Tel. Main 3413. Lecturer in French and German.
- REV. JAMES A. SPENCELEY, M.A., 209 Spence St., Tel. Sher. 1923. Lecturer in English.
- JOHN WILLIAM CAMPBELL, M.A., Ph.D. Lecturer in Mathematics and Science.
- SKULI JOHNSON, B.A. Lecturer in Latin and Greek.
- REV. F. J. BERGMAN, B.A., B.D. Lecturer in Icelandic.
- REV. ROBERT FLETCHER ARGUE, B.A., Wesley College, Tel. Sher. 1418. Teacher of Matriculation English and German.
- MISS E. R. HILDFED, M.A., Manitoba College Residence, Tel. G. 4750. Teacher of Matriculation French, German and History.
- JAMES ALFRED SIDNEY GARDNER, B.A., Wesley College Annex, Sher. 3912. Teacher of Matriculation Latin. (On active service).
- G. P. BLACK, B.A. Teacher of Matriculation Latin and Greek.
- DELBERT LLEWELLYN SHORTLIFFE, B.A., 387 Kennedy St., Tel. Garry 3922. Teacher of Matriculation Science and Mathematics.

-
- REV. EBER CRUMMY, D.D. Principal
- REV. A. J. IRWIN, D.D. Registrar
- REV. R. FLETCHER ARGUE, B.A. Dean of Men's Residence
- MISS M. C. ROWELL, B.A. Dean of Women's Residence

Vox Wesleyana

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG

Authorized by Postmaster-General, Ottawa, as Second Class Matter

VOL. XX.

WINNIPEG, MAN., NOVEMBER, 1916

NO. 1

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1916-17

Chairman	- - - - -	Dr. W. T. Allison	
Editor-in-chief	- - - - -	T. H. Nuttall, '17	
Assistant Editor	- - - - -	R. E. S. Watson, T'17	
Alumni	- - - - -	Miss M. Robb, B.A.	
Literary Editor	- - J. E. Ambler, '17	Locals Editor	- E. F. Morrow, M'17
Assistants	{ Miss M. McMurray, '17	Society and	{ - Miss I. Thompson, '18
	- - Miss Card, M'18	Personals	{ - - D. Chapman, '19
	- - J. Watts, '19		
Religious	- - - J. E. Charles, T'17	Athletics	- - C. L. Taylor, '17
Exchange	{ - - Skuli Johnson, B.A.	Wesleyettes	- - Miss J. Thexton, '17
and Review			
Business Manager	- - - - -	J. P. Haryett, '17	
Business Assistants	- - V. O. Watts, '18, H. W. Smith, '17		
Circulation Manager	- - - - -	S. K. Clark, '19	

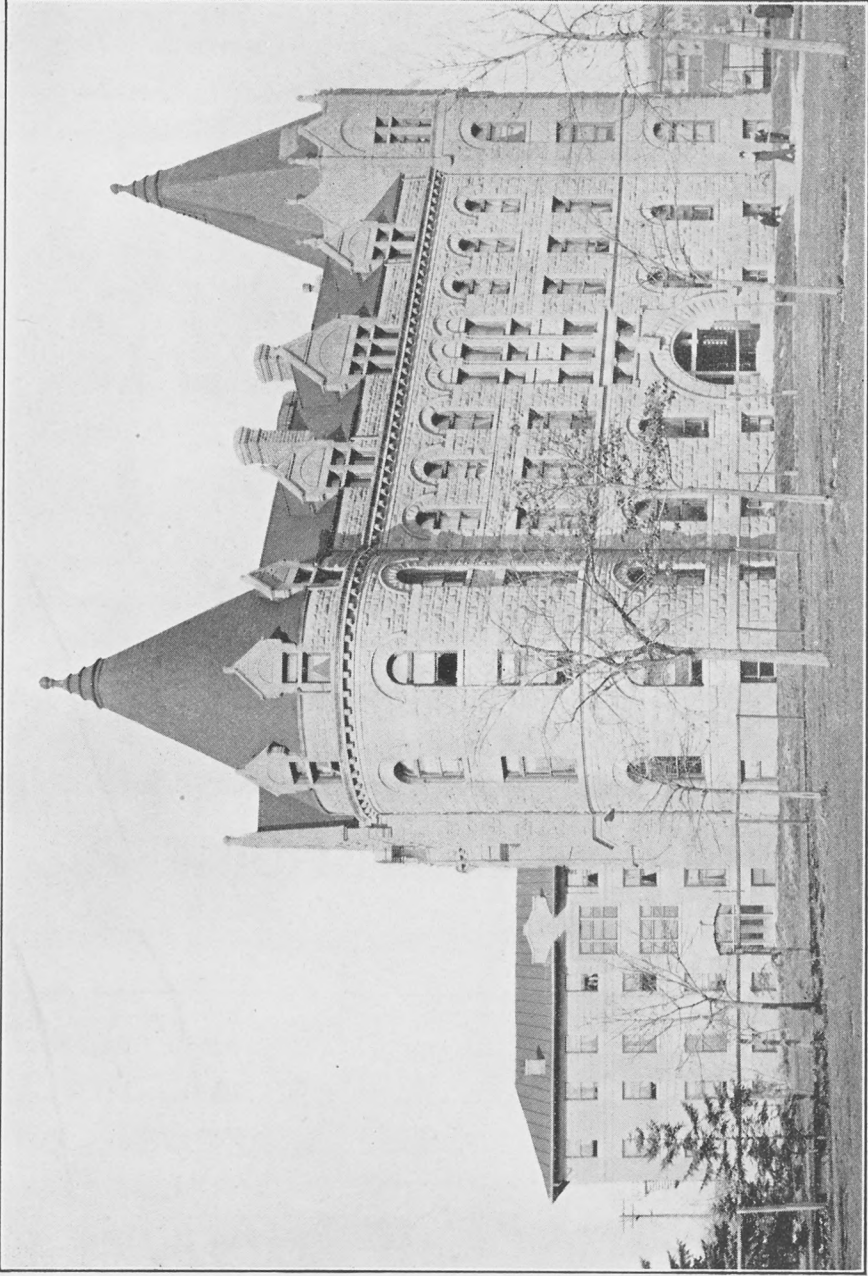
INAUGURATION NUMBER

To the Men at the Front	Dr. MacDonald
The Library Cage	D. C. H.
All but a Seance	G. L. Waite, T'15
Holiday Sketches	Anon
Willie Williams	Miss M. Nichols, '20
The Growth of Life	Anon

Society and Personals

Athletics

Biographies



WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG, MAN.



Wesley. "Now, fellows, all together with the yell," and, **Rah, Rah, Rah.** led by the Stick, once again Wesley's triumphant Bukalakka is on our lips, its sound in our ears, and once again it bids us stand by and uphold worthily the college traditions of the past, traditions rich in academic distinctions and collegiate triumphs.

In the last analysis the success of a college must be measured by the fidelity, courage and self-sacrifice in the lives of those coming out of it. Judged by this standard, Wesley takes a first place. The college has trained and sent out into our western villages, towns, and cities, men and women, not only of splendid intellectual endowments, but also of a sound, robust morality, men and women powerful for good in human affairs. Not only has Wesley produced a host of efficient leaders in the life of the west. Equally with other colleges throughout the Dominion she has sent forth her sons to the battle; and our college is today rich—sublimely rich—not only in academic laurels and athletic achievements, but in sacrifice,

"Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

The yell means more to us today than every before. Call it sentiment if you will, but the fact remains. A new spirit has entered Wesley and Bukalakka is a challenge of the past to the present. How shall we answer the challenge? Many of the sons of Wesley have fallen on the field of battle, and falling they

"fling to the host behind,
Play up! play up! and play the game."

Wordsworth tells us, in his "Character of the Happy Warrior," that the glory of his past did not imprison him nor put an arrest upon his future possibility. He

"Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast."

We will "carry on" the honourable traditions of Wesley, enhance her name, seek to glorify her record, cheered by the spirit of Bukalakka, and challenged by her glorious past.

"Now, fellows, all together with the yell."

Our Splendid Dead We are told that in the palaces of kings, pleasure—nay, life itself, goes on under the shadow of the sword. To-day it would almost seem as if we all banquet at the table of Dionysius; the presence of the naked sword has entered into every circle and circumstance of society. Too often, alas! has the horse-hair snapped, and the blade become crimsoned with the blood of some of our noblest and our best.

Wesley, like all other colleges, has many names upon her honour-roll—the names of men who went out stirred by a mighty impulse which, perhaps, they all were not fully able to analyse, but which certainly spoke of duty and consecration. The greater number, we trust, will come back to the Homeland. They will be men of Imperial vision; for men who have trodden the frontiers of empire will never again be content to measure life by merely national values. These will have seen the vision when

“The war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.”

But some have passed on. Hushed in the deep-dug dwellings of the dead, they made no answer to the bugle call. Their lips will never again in college halls reply “Adsum.” The earthly music of the drum and trumpet has now lost itself for them in the vaster, sweeter music of untrammelled life.

To the men who have paid the ultimate sacrifice we offer our humble tribute. We have hung their wreaths in our memories, and the fragrance of the flowers will linger with us until we meet them again.

* * * * *

Our University It is rumoured that, for the benefit of sightseers who come to us in the summertime, the Council are going to apply next spring to the Street Railway Company to put on a service linking up the various affiliated colleges which comprise Manitoba University. Starting at St. John's, it is generally reckoned that the route, taking in the Medical, Pharmacy, Manitoba, Wesley and Engineering Colleges, will finish at the Varsity College. The old University building in all probability will not be visited because, by omitting this, it will be unnecessary to point out the Provincial jail lying between the two buildings. A special junction will be made on Kennedy Street for those who wish to continue the trip out to the Agricultural College. Visitors will be advised to set aside a whole day for the “Varsity route,” as we learn it is to be called.

We tender the suggestion that certain members of the Faculty should accompany visitors, so that the different styles of architecture may be properly explained in order to be fully admired.

Our friends will certainly be able to dilate in glowing terms on the “extent” of Manitoba University.

Track Meet One of the regrettable features of our University life this fall centres around the absence of the regular track meet. For ourselves, we cannot see why this healthy competition was not put through as usual. Doubtless no new records would be made, but this hardly constitutes its real value. There are too few functions which bring the University together as a whole and we cannot afford to miss one of them. If it was omitted on the ground of sentiment, then it appeals as being a very poor sentiment; for nothing engenders the spirit that is so desirable in the young men of these days as keen, strenuous competition conducted on the generous lines of University life. The Wesley track meet was held and was generally enjoyed.

* * * * *

RUPERT BROOKE

(A. H., in the 'Times,' London.)

It was April we left Lemnos, shining sea and snow white camp,
 Passing onward into darkness, Lemnos shone a golden lamp,
 As a low harp tells of thunder, so the lovely Lemnos air
 Whispered of the dawn and battle; and we left a comrade there.

He who sang of dawn and evening, English glades and light of Greece,
 Changed his dreaming there to sleeping, left his sword to rest in peace,
 Left his visions of the Springtime, Holy Grail and Golden Fleece,
 Took the leave that has no ending, till the waves of Lemnos cease.

There will be enough recorders ere this fight of ours be done,
 And the deeds of men made little, swiftly cheapened one by one;
 Bitter loss his golden harpstrings and the treasures of his youth;
 Gallant foe and friend may mourn him, for he sang the knightly truth.

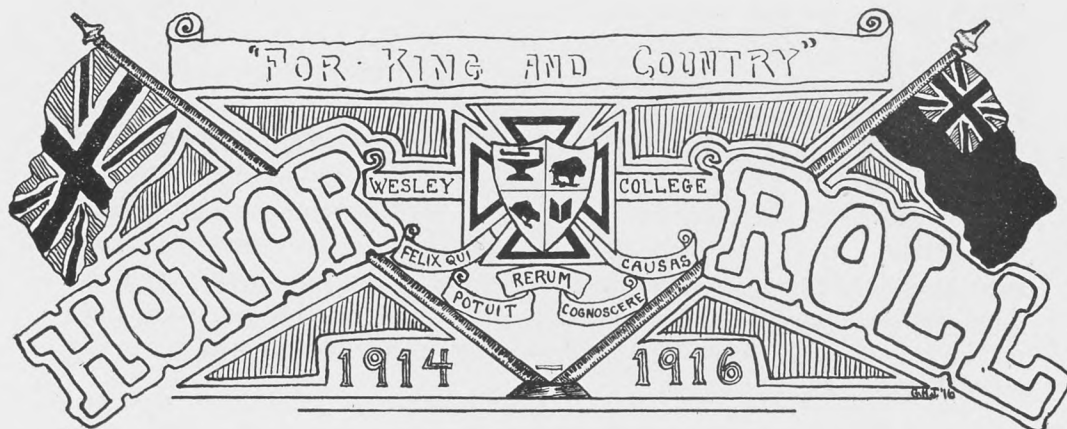
Joy was his in his clear singing, clean as is the swimmer's joy;
 Strong the wine he drank in battle, fierce as that they forged in Troy.
 Swift the shadows steal from Athos, but his soul was morning-swift,
 Greek and English he made music, caught the cloud-thoughts we let
 drift.

Sleep you well, you rainbow comrade, where the wind and light are
 strong,
 Overhead and high above you, let the lark take up your song.
 Something of your singing lingers, for the men like me, who pass,
 Till all singing ends in sighing, in the sighing of the grass.

* * * * *

The congratulations of all Wesley men are extended to:

- (1) "Red" Muloch, on his obtaining the D.S.M.
- (2) N. Thomas, who has been "recommended" for conspicuous bravery.



Abbott, W. F.	'12	Class.	Capt. 90th Batt. (M.O.)
Adams, W. Q.	M'15	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Adamson, M. C.	'12	"	(Returned) A.M.C.
Aikins, G. H.	'07	"	Major 184th Batt.
Aldritt, W. A.	Matric.	"	Prisoner of war (Germany)
Andrews, A. H. J.	'10	"	(Wounded) Corpl. 10th Batt.
Andrews, J. B.	'14	"	Sergt. 61st Batt.
Andrews, W. E.	'19	"	203rd Batt.
Argue, R. F.	'11	"	Lieut. 196th Batt.
Armstrong, A.	T'12	"	Chaplin 195th Batt.
Arthur, J.	M'16	"	61st Batt.
Asseltine, J.		"	Lord Strathcona Horse
August, A. W.	'18	"	Field Ambulance
August, Howard	'15	"	4th Divisional Cyclists
Austmann, K. J.	'14	"	Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Bailey, E.	T'16	"	No. 1 Canadian Hospital
Baldwinson, E. G.	Matric.	"	Duchess of Connaught's Hospital
Ball, R. H.	T'17	"	Capt. Royal Infantry School
Balls, G. H.	Former Lecturer	"	Artillery
Banfield, Percy	M'13	"	Lieut. 190th Batt.
Banfield, W. B.	M'13	"	4th Divisional Cyclists
Banks, W.	'14	"	C.A.M.C.
Banting, C. A.	'10	"	Capt. C.A.M.C.
Baragar, Dr. C. A.	'14	"	26th Can. Field Artillery
Barker, W. F.	M'16	"	Lce.-Corpl. 44th Batt.
Bartlett, H. V.	M'18	"	203rd Batt.
Bell, L. R.	'04	"	4th Cas. Clearing Hospital
Bellsmith, F. M. (Rev.)	T'08	"	Chaplain
Best, G. C.		"	61st Batt.
Bissett, P. W.	Matric.	"	Cycle Corps.
Brett, W.	M'18	"	203rd Batt.
Briggs, T. L.	'16	"	(Killed) 5th Batt.
Bright, C.	'15	"	Princess Pats
Bridgman, F.		"	3rd Division Cyclists
Bridgman, M. C.		"	Capt. C.A.M.C.
Brown, R. R. J.	'00	"	Major 2nd Contingent
Bryers, B.	'16	"	196th Batt.
Butchart, T. J. L.	'19	"	203rd Batt.
Cameron, L.	M'13	"	3rd Contingent
Cameron, G. B.	M'13	"	Lieut. 212th Batt.
Campbell, A. H.	M'12	"	(Wounded) 34th Fort Garry Horse
Campbell, M. L.	'16	"	2nd Canadian Field Engineers
Cann, A. W.	M'16	"	Field Ambulance
Carey, T.	Matric.	"	34th Fort Garry Horse
Carrothers, W. A.	'16	"	Capt. 203rd Batt.
Cavers, H.M.	'19	"	79th Batt.
Chambers, E.	Theo.	"	11th Field Ambulance
Childerhose, S.	'17	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Ching, Richard	M'09	"	(Prisoner) 27th Batt.
Churchill, H. S.	'15	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Churchill, G.	'18	"	203rd Batt.
Combe, C. V.	'10	"	Prisoner of war (Switzerland)
Connolly, H.	T'17	"	101st Batt.
Connolly, J.	M'17	"	221st Batt.
Cooke, C. G.	'17	"	Sergt. 196th Batt.
Cooper, J. E.	'17	"	11th Field Ambulance
Cooper, J. A.	M'16	"	11th Field Ambulance
Corbin, Stanley	M'16	"	11th Field Ambulance
Coxworth, M. W.	'12	"	Amunition Column
Creswell, H.	T'17	"	Corpl. A.M.C.
Crook, H.	'15	"	Sapper Field Engineers
Cross, J. E.	'15	"	196th Batt.
Crummy, W. T.	'13	"	(Killed) 29th Batt.

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Crummy, R. B.	'13	Class (Returned)	Princess Pats
Crummy, Eber	'18	"	Sergt. 203rd Batt.
Cuddy, T. H.	M'13	"	A.M.C.
Cuddy, W. A.	'16	"	4th Division Cyclists
Culver, A. F.	'10	"	Capt. 29th Batt.
Culver, C. M.		"	Lieut. 59th Batt.
Cunningham, Ed.	'15	"	4th Casualty Clearing Hospital
Dafee, E. E.		"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Davey, E.	M'18	"	(Killed) 17th Batt.
Daykin, A. N.	'06	"	Lieut. 62nd Batt.
Deacon, L. J.	M'13	"	Lieut.
Dennison, H. H.	'14	"	Capt. 45th Batt.
Dickinson, E.	Matric.	"	Capt. 190th Batt. M.O.
Dixon, H. C.	'09	"	Capt. A.M.C.
Dobbyn, Ivan	'19	"	C.F.A.
Doran, Dr. C. W.	'98	"	C.M.R. (M.O.)
Douglas, S. G.	M'15	"	Engineers
Duffin, Earl		"	Major (in England)
Duncan, C.	Matric.	"	4th Casualty Clearing Hospital
Dunfield, Eber		"	Capt. 1st Batt.
Durnin, R. W.	'19	"	184th Batt.
Dyson, G. H.	'17	"	Lieut. 196th Batt.
Eggertson, W.	'19	"	Sergt. 223rd Batt.
Einarson, J.	'14	"	2nd Contingent
Einarsson, J.	'14	"	Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Elliott, R. H.	Matric.	"	196th Batt.
Elliott, R. K.	'14	"	Lieut. 100th Batt.
Enright, L. E.	'17	"	Lce.-Corp. 203rd Batt.
Evans, E. C.	T'16	"	No. 1 Canadian Hospital
Ewert, A.	'11	"	A.M.C.
Farquhar, J.		"	196th Batt.
Ferguson, V. S.	M'15	"	(Returned) Princess Pats
Ferguson, J.		"	Lieut. A.S.C.
Foote, E. H.	M'14	"	Lieut. 221st Batt.
Fisher, J. T.	'18	"	Lieut. 226th Batt.
Gable, W. S.	'14	"	
Gable, V.	'15	"	196th Batt.
Gardner, J. A. S.	'14	"	Lieut. 221st Batt.
Geach, T. W.	T'17	"	Sergt. A.M.C.
Gibben, J. E.	'15	"	Sergt. 226th Batt.
Gibben, Paul	M'17	"	226th Batt.
Gilchrist, E.	M'16	"	Field Ambulance
Graham, G. D.		"	61st Batt.
Graham, Gordon	Matric.	"	Sergt.-Major 12th Field Ambulance
Graham, H. C.	'19	"	Sergt. 196th Batt.
Graves, J. W.	T'15	"	(Wounded) Sergt. A.M.C.
Grey, H. L.	M'16	"	196th Batt.
Griffin, J.	Matric.	"	53rd Batt.
Griffin, E.	Matric.	"	4th Casualty Clearing Hospital
Griffith, W. L.	M'15	"	(Killed in action) Princess Pats
Grigg, G. G.	'17	"	11th Field Ambulance
Grills, N.	M'14	"	M.T. 11th Batt.
Groff, H. K.	M'08	"	A.M.C.
Gunn, W. G.	M'14	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Hall, W. E.	'19	"	203rd Batt.
Halstead, C. N.	'18	"	Field Ambulance
Ham, Ira		"	Lieut. 226th Batt.
Hare, Si.	M'13	"	12th Field Ambulance
Harvey, Thos.		"	101st Batt.
Hawley, W. A.	T'15	"	A.M.C.
Hazel, Jno.	M'18	"	196th Batt.
Henry, Brock	'14	"	Lieut. 226th Batt.
Honner, C.		"	C.A.M.C.
Howey, J. V.	'11	"	
Irvine, Wesley	'14	"	226th Batt.
Irvine, F. S. C.	Matric.	"	
Jackson, G. H.	'16	"	4th Division Cyclists
Jackson, J. L.		"	11th Field Ambulance
Jakeman, H.		"	203rd Batt.
Johnson, H.	'12	"	Lieut. 108th Batt.
Johnson, T. W.	'13	"	
Johannson, A. L.	'13	"	Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Johannesson, Connie		"	44th Batt.
Jonasson, J. T.	'12	"	Lieut. 108th Batt.
Jones, O. A.	M'15	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Kane, P.	'12	"	3rd Contingent
Keeler, K. P.	M'13	"	Lieut. 152nd Batt.
Keeton, A. W.	'15	"	Sergt. 196th Batt.
Kelly, Magnus	'15	"	Sergt. 223rd Batt.
Kennedy, J. H. M.	M'98	"	Lieut. 203rd Batt.
Kent, H. K.		"	12th Field Ambulance

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Kerr, S. H.	'11	Class (Twice wounded)	Corpl. 32nd Batt.
Kerr, C. E.			10th Batt.
Kerr, Oscar	Matric.	" (Killed)	32nd Batt.
Kerster, G. M.		" (Wounded)	44th Batt.
Kilborne, A.	Matric.	"	Imperial Motor Transport
Kopec, A.	Matric.	"	196th Batt.
Leach, H.	'19	"	Sergt. Field Ambulance
Leader, J.	Matric.	"	226th Batt.
Lee, G. H.	'14	"	Lieut. 226th Batt.
Lee, Ed.	T'17	"	Corpl. A.M.C.
Leech, Hart		" (Killed)	Lieut. 61st Batt.
Leitch, R. C.	M'15	"	Princess Pats
Lewtas, G. E.	'16	"	Imperial Motor Transport
Lindal, W.	'11	"	Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Lindal, Skuli		"	223rd Batt.
Lindsay, C.	M'12	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Little, M.	M'13	"	A.M.C.
Lloyd, W.	'18	"	A.M.C.
Loft, A.	'13	"	196th Batt.
Long, M.	'16	"	Imperial Motor Transport
Long, E. S.	'18	"	203rd Batt.
Lord, Harold		"	144th Batt.
Lord, G. H.	T'10	"	196th Batt.
Lougheed, M.	'12	" (Returned)	A.M.C.
Lough, A. G.		"	Capt. C.A.D.C. 34th Batt.
Lovett, C. W.	'19	"	Corpl. 1st Field Ambulance
Lowery, E. W.	'14	"	Lieut. 203rd Batt.
McClung, J. W.	Matric.	"	Princess Pats
McColl, D. R.	'16	"	German East Africa, Imp. Motor T.
McCool, C. W.	'11	"	90th Batt.
McCrimmon, J. R.	'19	"	196th Batt.
McDonald, A.	M'15	"	3rd C.C.S.
McGill, L. S.	'11	"	Lieut. 143rd Batt.
McHaffie, T. R.	'17	"	196th Batt.
McKee, C.		"	203rd Batt.
McKelvey, M. T.	M'17	"	Lieut. American Legion
McKenzie, E. W.	M'15	" (Returned)	10th Batt.
McKenzie, B. A.		"	8th Batt.
McLachlan, C. B.	M'13	"	226th Batt.
McLean, R. B.	M'15	"	Divisional Cyclists
McLean, W. L.		"	Capt. A.M.C.
McMillan, A.	M'16	"	
MacDonald, J. A.	M'16	"	203rd Batt.
MacLean, D. G.	Matric.	"	A.M.C.
Magwood, W. T. D.	'06	"	12th Field Ambulance
Magwood, W. J.	M'12	"	12th Field Ambulance
Mann, Dr. W. L.	'10	"	Capt. C.A.M.C.
Markham, E.	M'11	"	Engineers Field Troop
Markle, F. A.	M'14	"	A.M.C.
Marlatt, C. E.	Matric.	"	
Maw, J.		"	Sergt. 12th Field Ambulance
Melvin, J. W.	'06	"	Lieut. 203rd Batt.
Milligan, A. A.	M'13	"	8th Batt.
Mills, G. C.	Matric.	"	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Millner, Roy	'12	"	A.S.C.
Minaker, J.		"	78th Batt.
Minnish, H.	'15	"	3rd Contingent
Mitchell, J. C.	M'12	"	Capt. 226th Batt.
Moore, W.		"	183rd Batt.
Moore, A.		"	221st Batt.
Montgomery, J.	'19	"	Sergt. Field Ambulance
Morgan, C.	Theo.	"	13th Royal Regiment
Morgan, E. H.	'17	"	Lieut. 179th Batt.
Morris, D.	T'16	"	Sergt. 203rd Batt.
Morten, Adam	T'18	"	Field Ambulance
Mosley, Thos. A.	T'13	"	Lieut. 203rd Batt.
Mountford, W.	'13	"	61st Batt.
Mulock, R. H.	Matric.	"	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Murchison, J. M.	Theo.	"	210th Batt.
Murphy, C. C.	M'16	"	Artillery
Murray, B. N.	'19	"	Lce.-Corpl. 203rd Batt.
Musgrove, W. W.		"	Major 4th Casualty Clearing House
Muttart, H. C.	M'16	"	Field Ambulance
Nason, W.	'12	"	Lieut. Royal Colonial Horse
Nason, Bert	'17	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Naylor, J. B.	Theo.	"	Chaplain
Nelson, J. E.	'16	"	13th Field Battery
Newman, H. A.	'15	"	Lieut. 222nd Batt.
Nicholson, J. R. W.		"	Capt. 12th Field Ambulance
Nicholson, W. S.	M'17	"	203rd Batt.

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Norris, F. G.	T'17	Class	A.M.C.
Oliver, Claude	'16	"	Lce.-Corpl. 3rd Division Cyclists
Olson, Dr. B.	'10	"	Capt. 223rd Batt.
Pannell, Ray	M'13	"	"
Parrish, F.	Matric.	"	Lieut. 98th Batt.
Parsons, R. C.	'13	"	Lord Strathcona Horse
Parkinson, H.	Matric.	"	34th Fort Garry Horse
Patience, H. L.	T'16	"	61st Batt.
Patterson, D. A.	'17	"	11th Field Ambulance
Patterson, D. R.	'11	"	"
Paulson, B. M.	'15	"	223rd Batt.
Petty, T.	'19	"	10th Field Ambulance
Phillips, D. C.	'10	"	62nd Batt.
Popham, E.	'13	"	Lieut. 3rd Contingent
Popham, C.	M'13	"	(Killed) Lieut. 61st Batt.
Reedman, A.	Matric.	"	196th Batt.
Reedman, W. E.	'15	"	Lieut. 73rd Batt.
Rice, Robt. S.	'17	"	(Killed) Lieut. 61st Batt.
Rice, Hugh	M'14	"	Corpl. 61st Batt.
Richardson, W. H.	M'11	"	Engineers Field Troop
Ridd, J. E.	'17	"	Corpl. 203rd Batt.
Rivers, H.	'17	"	Field Ambulance
Roberts, E.	T'16	"	Field Ambulance
Robinson, V.	Matric.	"	Lieut. 61st Batt.
Roblin, W. L.	'99	"	Major 61st Batt.
Rose, Arthur	'16	"	Corpl. 196th Batt.
Rosen, D.	'16	"	196th Batt.
Ross, F. E.	Matric.	"	A.M.C.
Ross, J.	M'14	"	(Killed) Lord Strathcona Horse
Runions, W. D.	'17	"	Sergt. 203rd Batt.
Scarlett, E. P.	'16	"	4th Division Cyclists
Scarth, W. B.	'16	"	Sergt. 183rd Batt.
Scott, D. N.	M'15	"	(Killed) 27th Batt.
Schultz, S.	'15	"	226th Batt.
Sellar, H. F.	Matric.	"	(3 times wounded) C.A.D.C., France
Sharpley, F. A.	T'17	"	No. 1 Canadian Hospital
Sigurdson, J. K.	'17	"	197th Batt.
Simpson, W. H.	T'19	"	C.A.M.C.
Simpson, F. I.	'12	"	Capt. 53rd Batt.
Sirett, E. T.	'08	"	Sergt. 196th Batt.
Sisler, W. J.	'17	"	Lieut. 203rd Batt.
Smith, H. W.	M'17	"	203rd Batt.
Smith, Colin	T'17	"	203rd Batt.
Smith, C. R.	'16	"	Corpl. 196th Batt.
Somerville, A.	'17	"	203rd Batt.
Speirs, K.	M'15	"	"
Spiers, H. F.	'15	"	(Killed) Lce.-Corpl. 27th Batt.
Stacey, H. C.	'15	"	(Wounded) 223rd Batt.
Stefansson, S. B.	'15	"	Sergt. 203rd Batt.
Stewart, R. G.	M'16	"	203rd Batt.
Stewart, J. H.	M'17	"	(Wounded) Engineers Field Troop
Stevenson, R. L.	Matric.	"	203rd Batt.
Stevenson, A.	M'17	"	(Wounded) 10th Field Ambulance
Streat, S.	'19	"	"
Strindlund, J. A.	'15	"	Corps of Guides
Swait, R. W.	M'18	"	203rd Batt.
Swain, S.	'19	"	Corpl. 196th Batt.
Tallin, G. P.	'16	"	Field Ambulance
Tapp, L. C.	'18	"	Ammunition Supply
Tees, P. C.	'14	"	101st Batt.
Thomas, H. H.	Matric.	"	61st Batt.
Thomas, N.	'14	"	(Wounded) Returned
Thomson, J.	'14	"	A.M.C.
Tomlinson, G. J.	'14	"	11th Field Ambulance
Thompson, S. O.	'14	"	223rd Batt.
Thorlakson, P.	'14	"	144th Batt.
Thorarinnson, J.	Matric.	"	196th Batt.
Thorsteinson, O.	M'17	"	61st Batt.
Underhill, R. J.	M'15	"	Lieut. 179th Batt.
Verner, Jack	'17	"	Munition Transport
Verinder, F. H.	'17	"	A.M.C.
Waite, Fred	T'16	"	11th Field Ambulance
Wallace, J. M.	M'16	"	Imperial Motor Transport
Warkentin, B.	'14	"	Field Ambulance
Warman, A. J.	T'17	"	German East Africa, Imp. M. Trans.
Watson, H. G.	'16	"	Field Ambulance
Watterson, C. T.	T'16	"	Sergt. Field Ambulance
Webster, N. C.	T'18	"	A.M.C.
Westwood, F. W.	T'13	"	203rd Batt.
White, J. L.	M'16	"	"

Wesley Honor Roll—Continued

Wilkinson, Rev. S.	'99 Class.....	Capt. 79th Batt.
Williams, J.	Engineer Field Troop
Williams, T. W. H.	'17 "	196th Batt.
Williamson, F. S.	M'11 "	90th Batt.
Wilson, Dr. N. R.	Major 196th Batt.
Winkler, H. W.	'12 "	Corpl. 11th Field Ambulance
Woodgate, E. J.	M'15 " (Killed)	Princess Pats
Wooton, F. E.	M'13 "	5th Canadian Artillery Brigade
Wright, L. R.	Imperial Motor Transport
Young, R. B.	(Killed) Lord Strathcona Horse



To Wesley's Soldiers

A Message from the Faculty and Students of Wesley College

At the beginning of another academic year, we pause to pay reverent tribute to Wesley's soldiers, to those in training and on the field of battle, and to those who are now numbered with the ever-living dead.

The past year has added to our anxiety the burden of a new sorrow; and first into our thoughts come the soldiers of Wesley who have already made Love's greatest sacrifice.

But this is a sorrow that falls like a benediction on our country; for from the boys whom we mourn we have learned—what the schools may not fully teach us—that there are things greater than life itself. Mingled with the strains of our heart-uttered requiem, there sounds to the ear of faith a note of triumph, and the blessed "Well done" of Him who will, through such consecration and sacrifice, make all things new.

To you whom we hope to welcome back we send this greeting, freighted with the prayer that God will guard you from the dangers which your devotion invites. To you it is given to suffer and endure, that faith and freedom may not die. We believe that the Lord of battle will give you victory. The right and the just and the true must prevail: it is so written in the eternal decrees of Almighty God.

You have made us see deeper into the heart of the things that are and shall be. You will reveal to us yet more of the values that abide. Face to face with the Great Unseen, your vision reaches to new heights and depths, and you will come to tell us, with new force and new meaning, that righteousness alone can exalt a nation, that righteousness alone can make a people great.

—STEWART MACDONALD.

GEORGE PATTON BLACK, B.A.**Tutor in Latin and Greek**

Wesley College welcomes this year to its teaching staff a former distinguished graduate in the person of George Patton Black. Mr. Black has been appointed as tutor in Latin and Greek in connection with the matriculation department of the College. Born in the Emerald Isle, Mr. Black came to this country in 1907. Entering Wesley College in 1908, he took his Part II. Matriculation, securing the scholarship in both Latin and Mathematics. Proceeding to the Arts course, he gained in his first year the Alma Mater scholarship. In his

second year he carried off the Latin and Mathematical scholarship. The first scholarship in Classics fell to him in his third year, while in his fourth he captured the gold medal. After his graduation Mr. Black took his First-class Normal course at Regina. Since then he has been identified with the teaching profession in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The casual observer may consider him a little reserved, but increased acquaintance reveals the fact that here is to be found a genial, lovable Irishman—a typical product of that romantic land. Mr. Black scorns all mean delights and lives laborious days. His devotion to duty, his enthusiasm for his subject, his efficiency will undoubtedly secure for him as teacher the signal success which also characterized his student days. We are glad to see him in our halls once again and we take this opportunity of tendering to him our hearty good wishes.

E. F. M.

“VOX” CAMPAIGN

The boys across the water will give a hearty welcome to “Vox.” Send it them. We will mail it to any address for the regular subscription price.

R. B. CRUMMY, B.A.

"Vox" welcomes to the college halls again Richard B. Crummy, '13. At present he is recuperating from wounds received on active service, and as an aid thereto he is conducting some Latin classes at his Alma Mater.

During his four years at Wesley, Dick took a deep interest in all the activities of the College—witness the Dean's prize in the First Year Essay Contest, a place amongst the inter-class champions in basketball and debating, and the literary editorship of "Vox."

It is, however, particularly in connection with the work of his class in college dramatics that he will be remembered. To the '13 class is due the founding of the College Dramatic Society, and whatever the class accomplished in this respect is due very largely to the untiring energy and capable supervision of Dick Crummy. In the productions of his own year he appeared with unvaried success in the following roles: the complacent Mr. Phunky in "Bardell vs. Pickwick," 1910; the imperturbable Bottom and the amorous Pyramus in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1911, and again in 1913; and the delicately absurd "Touchstone" in "As You Like It," 1912.

When from the '13 Dramatic Society there evolved in 1913 the College Dramatic Society, Dick was chosen as its first president, and under his able direction "Much Ado About Nothing," the first production of the new Society, was a decided success.

In spite of his many college interests, Dick found time to specialize in Classics. After graduation he accepted the position of Classical teacher in Columbian College, New Westminster, and he remained there until his enlistment in June, 1915.

On behalf, both of those who were his fellow students and also of the present student body, "Vox" wishes him a speedy and complete recovery.

G. P. B.

* * * * *

PROF. T. H. BILLINGS, M.A., Ph.D.

The faculty of Wesley College, past and present, has enjoyed the co-operation of men possessing distinctive characteristics, and there has not been anyone who has had a more marked influence on his associates and students than Dr. Billings.

Those who have worked with him on the Faculty, or studied with him in his classes, know him to be of kindly disposition and of strong character. He is a native of Lynn, Ont., and took his university course at Queen's, from which place he graduated with the M.A. degree. As a teacher he was for some time associated with the Wesleyan College, Montreal, and he came to Wesley in 1909 after having been Dominion secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Billings received his degree of Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1915, having studied there in the summer months for a number of years.

The best wishes of their many friends go with Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Billings to their new home at the university town of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

A. I. A. C.

HOLIDAY SKETCHES

(Being extracts from actual holiday letters.)

Sunnydale, July 10th, 1916.

After a night spent on the train, we awoke to Ontario sunshine and a real Ontario July atmosphere. The weather could not have been more favorable for a lake trip, and we transferred ourselves from the coach to the boat with many pleasurable thrills of anticipation for the joys of the next day and a half. I say "we" because on the train I had found a young woman whom I had met in B—— a couple of days before, and, as she proved interesting and congenial, we were companions for the journey. Is it not strange how, occasionally, a reserved nature allows itself to be seen by an apparent stranger? Some experience, usually of suffering, common to both, or some similarity of mind and feeling creates a bond between them which makes their conversation an interchange of thought and the communion of soul with soul. So it was with us. I sometimes wonder why we seek so sedulously to hide our real selves from others. As a rule, we should be so much more interesting if we did not; if, on the contrary, we permitted what we really are to be seen. Or is it, perchance, that, in not doing so, we are simply trying to conceal the fact that we have nothing to show, that we are not individuals?

To revert to my fellow-traveller. I soon discovered, more through her suggestion and my sympathy than by actual speech, that she had passed through great sorrows; but she assured me that she could now look back upon her experiences with a degree of calmness, and could now accept willingly her present empty and bereft life. Although she tried to explain it, I could not quite understand how she had reached such an attitude; perhaps because I had not gone so far along the path as she. I have always thought that resignation comes only when youth is past. I suppose, however, that one might be tolerantly young as far as years are concerned, and yet be old in spirit. But wouldn't that be one of the tragedies of life? However, notwithstanding my inability to grasp her point of view entirely, we enjoyed together the time on the boat, and, on our arrival in port early one morning, we parted with regret. Each had made a friend.

Sunnydale, July 20th, 1916.

This is, as of course you know, a very sleepy place, and the recent weather has been conducive to still more sleepiness. Nevertheless, we have found opportunity for a few long walks and considerable paddling, usually, to be sure, in the early mornings and in the evenings.

I must tell you about one of our walks. As the weather was so hot, we decided we should arise before the sun and so arrive at our destination—a pond some four miles from town—before the heat became overpowering. How we happened to forget that we should have

to walk back again I don't yet quite understand. Well, we planned to arise at half-past four, breakfast and be away by five. I am sure that I had never before forsaken my nest so early, and I am just as certain that I awoke every half-hour of the night wondering if it was yet time to get up. We were off by five o'clock—four of us—and the beauty of our walk along the flower-bordered road that stretched between the dewy fields cannot be described. For the eye it was a riot of summer flowers and summer colors everywhere; for the ear, a jubilant chorus of bird voices; and overlying all was the beauty of the newly risen sun. It was no day and no hour for a pessimist! Just as Sol's rays were becoming unpleasantly warm we reached the open woods bordering the pond. Here we were gratefully enjoying the coolness when one of our number suggested procuring a boat and going on the pond. Now, you must know that a boat out there meant a flat-bottomed punt propelled by a paddle; and I knew that the four of us would be in one boat, that the sun by this time was grilling, and that I should have to be chief paddler. Did you ever notice that it is usually some one who will not have to do the work that makes such inopportune suggestions? To make a long story short, we went, and I survived the experience. Then we decided that it was time to start for home. Notwithstanding the fact that we followed the course of the stream through the fields, and that we sat down to rest every ten minutes, we found the return too hot and tiring to be pleasurable. On our arrival home about two o'clock—by the way, I forgot to mention that it was Sunday—our respective fathers said they would have given us credit for having more sense. Suffice it to say that it is likely to be the last expedition of the kind for some time for two of the young ladies at least.

Sunnydale, August 1st, 1916.

We had such fun on the river the other night. That is rather a pretentious name for the stream, for it is only on account of the dam that it has any proportions worth mentioning; as it is, it is a succession of deep pools, shallows, swift currents, and miniature rapids, with here and there big rocks or a sunken log to be avoided. Unfortunately we had started up-stream—two canoes with two in each—somewhat later than usual, and, owing to my having placed my companion, who was comparatively inexperienced in paddling and desired practice, in the stern, we were further retarded, with the result that darkness fell long before we were back. We were making fair progress, however, when we saw the other canoe stuck fast a short distance in front of us. We paddled up and released them, but at the expense of grounding ourselves. It was so dark by now that we could not possibly see in which direction to push in order to release ourselves. Just as I was cogitating the advisability of stepping out to pull the canoe off, a masculine form, clad from head to foot in white, appeared on the shore. From his point of vantage he proceeded to call a medley of advice and encouragement in such tones and picturesque phrases that we were rendered helpless by laughter. Finally, preparatory to wading in to

come to our rescue, he began to remove one white shoe and one white sock; then the other white shoe and the other white sock. It is a fact that "truth is stranger than fiction," and here is the proof. Just as a cry of "O, it's cold!" informed us that the unknown masculine had put one bare foot into the water, we shoved clear and shot triumphantly down stream.

Toronto, Aug. 10th, 1916.

You will be surprised, I am sure, to know that I am in Toronto. I came down a week ago to see W——. As his leave has been postponed so often I began to fear that I might not see him at all, hence I took matters into my own hands and came to him. I spend a couple of hours of each morning and each afternoon with him at the Convalescent Hospital. The latter is not exactly what I expected it would be; of course it is as far as equipment goes—well appointed medical rooms, gymnasium with all sorts of special appliances, x-ray department, clean, white wards, rest room, recreation rooms, offices and so forth. It is the atmosphere of the place that fills me with wonder, and, of course, it is the inmates who are responsible for that. To me it is very sad to see here a bright young man, paralyzed in his lower limbs, being wheeled around the garden by an efficient nurse, his constant attendant; there, another who has just one leg; others, lame; one without an arm, and some, again, simply without strength. Yet one does not feel that they are sad, or that they are brooding over what has happened them.

I found W—— looking not so well as I had expected to find him, but his old cheerful self. I can discover in him no trace of bitterness, or even regret over his share of the fortune of war. He seems to be very popular among the other men here. I suppose that is natural, since he is so merry, and is much younger than the majority of them.

I just can't tell you how happy I am to be in Toronto again for a few days. My whole being seems to live here in a completer sense than it does anywhere else; I don't know why—perhaps just because I love it so. I have found many new things to interest me, in addition to the old. For instance, it is the first time I have been here since the new system of street-lighting was introduced, and really appreciate it. I am charmed by the vista that almost any of Toronto's long, well-shaded residential streets present on a summer evening when the subdued radiance of the many lights gleams forth. Stretching in front of you is a broad, bright way, and, on either side of that, mysterious shadows and—well, what else there is depends entirely upon your imagination. You can make it exactly what you choose. To me those bordering shadows are regions of enchantment recalling, from out the days of my childhood, wide moonlit lawns with the giant shades of heavily-foliaged trees athwart the brightness,—a fit setting for the most wonderful of fairy romances.

I must confess that, of late years, I have found Queen's Park a source of disappointment; not that the trees are less magnificent, or the grass less green, but that the visiting public has changed. It

wounds my aesthetic sense to see specimens of the human race lying around in almost every conceivable contortion, and in various stages of deshabelle, snoring away the golden afternoon hours.

My chiefest joys, however, the university campus and the main building, are nearby, and their peace and chaste beauty have remained inviolate. In connection with the campus I have noticed, the last couple of years, a great difference in the appearance of the lawns, probably because it has been difficult to secure the requisite labor. I visited all the old haunts: the two fine old trees under which "The Midsummer Night's Dream" used to be presented Convocation week, and the lovers' walk—did they call it that in your day?—on the west side; the courtyard with its drooping silver birches; the picturesque grey towers I viewed from every standpoint; I visited the old classrooms and recalled the occasions on which I had caught a new vision of life, and something more of its meaning. As I came out I touched the ivy on the grey wall, and I wanted to lay my cheek against the cool stone, for I felt that in so doing my spirit would come into closer touch with the spirit of the place. For there is a spirit there—a living spirit that communes with those who love it, and that teaches them wise and beautiful things. I am sorry to say that my twentieth century veneer of the practical quenched this expression of my truer self.

Sunnydale, Aug. 25th, 1916.

Since last writing you our family has been increased by the advent of a six-months-old foxhound pup. I had long been half-heartedly meditating the purchase of a dog for my young brother, but this half-formed purpose was crystallized into action when, on my return in the spring, I found a cat installed as a part of the household chattels. You know how I dislike cats. One evening I read an advertisement in the paper to the effect that a man in a neighboring town had some pups for sale. I told Willis that he might write regarding the kind and price, and the next day but one we received what we considered a favorable reply. You should have seen Willis with that letter! I didn't think he could become so excited, a boy of fifteen! His hands trembled while he opened the envelope, and the sheet of paper shook while he read about the good points of those pups set forth in the usual masterly manner of, not only an owner, but a lover of dogs. We decided that Willis was to go over by the street car that afternoon and pick the pup he liked best. The lad had a lively time getting that dog home. It had never been led up to this time; had never seen a street car, a train, or many people at one time. When it was a question of getting on and off the car there was nothing to do but gather the animal into your arms and carry it—and it was not small. That evening, to our quiet amusement, we overheard Willis boasting to some of his friends concerning the noteworthy characteristics of the pup's parents: "She'll be a beauty! Her father measures twenty-four inches across the ears, stands twenty-four inches at the shoulders, and is the best hunter in Western Ontario; her mother is a thoroughbred."

That night—the first lonely night of her puppyhood—Belle was put to sleep in a small building that had, long before, been a chicken house. Her behaviour was exemplary. The next night, however, towards morning, strange sounds proceeded from the direction of the improvised kennel. Willis had to go down and stay down, for the matin slumbers of the whole family could not be so rudely disturbed. The third night the rebellion began about half-past eleven, and mother went down and induced W——, who was home by this time, to let the dog sleep on the verandah near his bed. This arrangement has proved satisfactory to all parties concerned.

B——, Sept. 15th, 1916.

The circuit is complete and I am back once more at the starting place ready to resume the daily round of duties. The evening we left Toronto it was hot; the next day it was chilly and raining, but the second morning dawned clear with glorious sunshine, and we were approaching Kenora. You know how beautiful that section of the country is. I could not read and I would not even knit, for I wanted to gaze, not only with my eyes, but also with my mind and spirit so that, when I should be far away from those heaped-up rocks, so suggestive of unlimited power, and from those still, dark lakes, the quiet beauty of which seem to diffuse through one's being a sense of calm, I might both see them again in my mind's eye and also repeat the spiritual experience of having my restlessness toned again into harmony with the universe through the remembered splendors of those morning hours.

* * * * *

ROMANCE

(Louis Untermeyer, in the 'New Republic,' New York.)

Romance with firm and eager tread

Walked at his shoulder;

He never turned his rapt, poetic head

Once to behold her.

He sought her in the skies, in dreams;

In mystic meadows;

He plunged through myths and lost her face in gleams—

Clasping her shadows.

'It is this age,' he cried; 'these things

Blind and bewilder!

Weep for Romance, with frail and trembling wings;

This world has killed her.'

And still he seeks her, warm or dead—

The quest enthralling!

And still Romance, with strong and tireless tread,

Follows him, calling. . . .

Calling. . . .

The choice of men who know—Prompt, Courteous, Reliable

THE NORTH-WEST LAUNDRY, LTD.

FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

Another milestone in the history of Wesley College has been passed and the freshmen of another class have received their welcome into college halls. The reception is always a matter of conjecture for both old and new students. Old students say it cannot be better than last year, and the freshmen wonder vaguely if there will be anything of the nature of initiation combined with it.

The evening of Friday, October 20, brought the much talked of reception. After the faculty had received the students at the entrance to Convocation Hall, Dr. Crummy took the chair. Mr. J. Schmidt, the president of the Social and Literary Society, was called upon to explain the first number on the programme, the "Music of the Spheres." In his explanation of this mixup promenade, he ventured that the ladies would go clock wise, and the gentlemen counter clock wise. But here Dr. Crummy interrupted and suggested that the ladies "follow in the direction of the sun."

When the students had completed their promenade according to the "Music of the Spheres," Dr. Crummy gave his chairman's address. His remarks on the relationship of the students to the various activities of the college were very helpful.

The programme for the evening consisted of promenades interspersed with musical and literary numbers. Misses Muriel Anderson and Muriel Malcom contributed instrumental solos which were very much appreciated by all. In her usual able manner Mrs. E. B. White delighted the audience with two child poems. Misses Hazel Coleman and Irene Thompson sang acceptably Rubinstein's "Wanderer's Night Song." Those who were at the piano during the promenades were Misses V. Patrick and J. Finlay and Mr. J. McKenty.

During the evening Mr. S. K. Clarke, representing "Vox" staff, spoke concerning the circulation of our college magazine among the students now serving in the King's forces overseas. It was suggested and strongly urged that each student and those affiliated with the college contribute one or more subscriptions of "Vox" as a means of giving pleasure to those whom we greatly honor and who look forward with a great deal of pleasure to news of their Alma Mater.

"The Best Launderers and Dry Cleaners"

You can afford to test the above statement and it will cost you nothing extra, and you get the superior grade of work

PHONE MAIN 2300, 2301, 1457

The Modern Laundry and Dye Works
Co. Limited

309-315 HARGRAVE STREET

WESLEY AND WAR TIME



THE MEN THAT FALL

“Our battles are won by the men that fall.”

Day by day the world is looking with anxious heart, dim eyes, and weary brain at the blinding list of casualties. The universities and colleges throughout the British Empire have given of their splendid manhood to the great fight for freedom and for a higher civilization. Without the shedding of blood there is no advancement; the price of freedom and a larger liberty is a terrible one. That price has been, and is being, willingly paid. We are saddened today at the death of many of our Wesley men. Recently word has come to us of the loss of E. J. Woodgate, E. Davey, T. L. Briggs, R. S. Rice, H. F. Spiers, J. E. Nelson, and Hart Leech. They have made the supreme sacrifice; they have paid the price of freedom, liberty, civilization.

“Take out his letter carefully—it will be posted later. Scratch him a grave, there’s work to be done, much work, so hurry. His name has been sent to headquarters—there’s no time to waste. Easy, lads, easy—that’s right—cover him up. A party of you over there and get on with that horse—**there’s no time to waste.** . . .

“But somewhere in England a telegraph boy comes whistling up the drive, and a woman catches her breath. With fingers that tremble she takes the buff envelope, with fearful eyes she opens the flimsy paper. Superbly she draws herself up—‘There is no answer’. . . .

“Lady, you are right. There is no answer this side of the Great Divide. Just now, with your aching eyes fixed on his chair, you face your God, and ask why? He knows, dear woman; He knows, and in time it will all be clear—the why and the wherefore. Surely it must be so.

“But just now it’s Hell, isn’t it? You know so little: you couldn’t help him at the end; he had to go into the Deep Waters alone. With the shrapnel screaming overhead he lies at peace, while above him it still goes on—the work of life and death, the work that brooks no delay. **He is part of the Price.** . . .”

Our Wesley heroes have suffered heavily, but their losses have not been in vain. Mr. Laurence Hausman, in his poem “The Winners,” says, “Our battles are won by the men that fall.” Every man who has fallen has brought victory nearer. This is our solace.

E. J. Woodgate, M'15, enlisted in the spring of 1915 and left for the front, immediately after matriculating, with a McGill University Company. Prior to joining up he took an enthusiastic interest in the Wesley C.O.T.C. For over a year he served his Empire with the Princess Pats within the shadow of the enemies' trenches, and until he was suddenly struck down had not received a scratch.

Ephraim Davey, M'16, joined up with the 61st Battalion in 1915. He went into the trenches in the fall of '15. On the 2nd October, 1916, "Davey" made the supreme sacrifice.

T. L. Briggs, '16, joined up in the summer of 1915. He died from the effect of wounds received at the front. Some time ago he was struck by a piece of shrapnel and severely wounded. Favorable reports were received of his convalescence. In the hospital he fell and broke the wounded limb, the shock of the necessary amputation proving his death.

R. S. Rice, '17, of the Mounted Rifles Battalion, was reported killed in action on September 15. He enlisted with the 61st Battalion on June 16, 1915, and he left with that unit for England. Lieut. Rice was a popular member of the Y.M.C.A. and took a prominent part in the athletics of that institution. He was also the individual champion at the university sports.

J. E. Nelson, '16, enlisted in the fall of 1914 in the C.F.A. with the 37th Field Battery. Ern was especially expert in the signalling corps connected with the 37th Battery. After going to the front in May, 1915, he was listed in charge of a detachment of men who were chosen for an important and hazardous task. It was while performing this duty that he was killed in action on September 13, 1916.

Hart Leech, of the 61st Battalion, died from the effect of wounds received at the front on the 25th of September. Lieut. Leech had been on active service for a year and a half with a well-known western unit, and during that time had been in many thrilling adventures on the west front.

Our comfort in these days is that our men espoused a holy cause and served it with fidelity. The lines addressed to a bereaved father in Macbeth may well apply to each of them:

"Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only lived but till he was a man
The which, no sooner had his powers confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died."

R. E. S. Watson.

* * * * *

Of the Matriculation class of 1915 the following have made the supreme sacrifice: J. Ross, E. J. Woodgate, W. Griffiths, C. Leitch and F. Scott. Of the same class E. W. McKenzie and V. S. Ferguson have returned wounded.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAR

E. C. Evans, Theo. '16, stationed at No. 1 Canadian General Hospital, France, writes:

On August 4th, the second anniversary of the war, I was present at a very beautiful and impressive service in honor of our brave and noble dead. The service was held in the military cemetery near the hospital base. Ten men from each unit in the district were chosen as a special guard of honor and these were drawn up in the formation of the British square. Fifty orderlies from the different hospitals carried wreaths, and in the order of service placed one on each grave. The cemetery looked like a huge flower garden, so beautiful and neat are the graves kept. In the background could be seen the tall pines standing like silent sentinels guarding the sacred dead. Intermingled among these could be seen the sisters from the British hospitals; also the blue uniform revealed the presence of our Canadian sisters. Immediately outside the cemetery, and surrounding it, officers, N.C.O.'s and men attended in large numbers to pay their last respects to fallen comrades. The service was simple but beautiful in its simplicity. It opened with suitable remarks from the Camp Commandent, who, in a few words, stated the object of the ceremony and also paid a tribute to the memory of the departed. This was followed by "A Lament," played by the Scottish Bag-Pipe Band. Prayers for the dead were then read by one of the chaplains. The French National Anthem was then played, followed by the British National Anthem. The grand finale came when ten bugles blew "The Last Post," during which the parade stood at the salute. Shortly after the sun sank in a sea of gold, and so ended the 4th of August, 1916.

* * * * *

THE GLORIOUS ALPS

C. V. Combe, '10, interned in Switzerland, writes:

I find myself tongue-tied when I try to speak of the Swiss mountains. They are great white peaks towering into and beyond the clouds. On fine days they frown down, like eternity's sentinels, upon the fleeting generations of the earth. At their base there are leaning heaps of rubble, showing the slow erosion of the solid rock and convincing the skeptical of the fact that, in the light of the never-ending, these giants, like the pigmy men of the valleys, are but creatures of a day. Everywhere in this wonderful country the visitor is confronted with the barrenness of naked rock or eternal snow, or with the incredible richness of nestling mountain valley. A mountain village supports itself on a clover field, a timber patch, a vegetable garden, a herd of cattle and a herd of goats. The women make lace and the men carve wood. From these crude elements are fabricated simple yet contented communities which, perched mid sky and sea, on a mountain plateau, find wealth in toil and contentment in religion.

WHAT THE BOYS ARE DOING

Pte. Fred Sharpley, Theo. '17, of the R.A.M.C., has been transferred from hospital work to ambulance work on the firing line.

Pte. F. G. Norris, Theo. '18, is convalescing at a war hospital in Northamptonshire, having, as he terms it, "a good time." An injury, due to a fall, necessitated his return to England.

Pte. Stanley Streat, '19, is soliloquizing in a hospital, "somewhere in France," about things in general and about Wesley particularly. He is suffering from fractured ribs due to a piece of shrapnel unfortunately coming his way. He is getting along A1 and expects to be "at it" again in a few months.

Pte. A. B. Morten is finding the historic Bramshott to his liking and is waxing poetic over the beautiful scenery of that country on the border hills of Hants, Surrey and Sussex.

The latest word from Fred Waite is cheerful and interesting, though he is pining after the leeks and onions, I mean the fair fields and green pastures, of Wesley.

Pte. A. W. Cann, M'16, writing from Havre, expresses delight at beautiful Normandy. Of Montivilliers he says, "in the town is a fine old Norman church, and in the large open porch hangs a crucifix surrounded by a large roll of honor. The country of Normandy is delightful. It is a country of woods, and valleys, and streams. Looking down the valley from the camp toward the Seine we can see, towering over the trees, the solitary spire of ancient historic Harfleur."

Alf Ewert has returned from Gallipoli and is taking out a commission in the Canadian artillery now at Shorncliffe.

Charlie McCool writes of a rather wonderful re-union at Shorncliffe. The following celebrities were present: Dennison, Schweitzer, Ewert, J. B. Andrews, Bert Nason, Sid Childerhose, Barrett, Geo. Millar, and McCool.

Bert Andrews has gone to France with the 50th Battalion.

Stanley Kerr has been wounded again. How many times is this, Stanley?

To Our Students:

We would like to call your attention to the advertisements which are regularly appearing in "Vox." Since the revenue from these is necessary to the financial success of our magazine, we would ask you to patronize the advertisers.

If you want anything—an engagement ring, a trunk removed, or a dose of rough-on-rats (note the climax)—consult our pages; you will find it advertised there.

When doing business with any of our advertisers be sure and let them know you are from Wesley, or that you saw their ad in "Vox." This will help us greatly, as it is imperative that they see results if they continue advertising with us.

For the convenience of our students we are having a business directory prepared and placed in the rotunda of the college, and we are confident that to bring the matter to your attention is to insure your hearty co-operation.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

ALL BUT A SEANCE

The bell of duty tolls the knell of pleasure.—Odyll.

“A little more and oh, how much it is.

A little less and oh, what miles away.”—Byron.

Dramatis personae:—

Bobins	}Students
Lalton		
Schultz		
Odyll		

Dr. Mallison, Professor in English.

The dialogue commences in the library (outside the cage), Wesley College, and is later continued down the front staircase and in the rotunda.

Lalton: I wish to goodness I knew all the classical allusions in Lycidas. It's English next period and if I am dropped upon I really don't know half of them.

Schultz: Cut out the shows for a while, old man, and buy a Lemprière.

The man in the cage: Or use the one in the library.

All in chorus: Good gracious, is there one here?

Odyll: Or get in touch with Milton, himself.

Schultz: How?

Odyll: Call him up. “I can call spirits from the vasty deep.”

Lalton: Ay, and so can I, but will they come?

Odyll: Ay, marry will they if you give them the right call.

Schultz: He seems to think that Milton himself would answer if we knew his 'phone number.

Lalton: Call him, Odyll.

Odyll: Get me the directory, and I will.

Lalton: Good heavens, Schultz, look at the light in the fellow's eyes; I believe he means to try.

Schultz: “This is mere madness, and thus awhile the fit will work on him.”

Odyll: Have you a Lycidas handy, Lalton?

Lalton: Sorry, old man, but I really don't know him. The poor fellow was drowned before I came to Wesley.

Odyll: Give me the book someone, and don't ape Touchstone, Lalton, and you shall hear me call the great man up.

Schultz: Well, I would rather hear you call him up than hear him call you down. He was a beggar for vituperation, in spite of his being the “Lady of Christs.”

Lalton: “Milton, thou shouldst be with us at this hour.”

Odyll: That won't work, old man. It's no earthy use trying to raise Milton by quoting Wordsworth.

Schultz: Why not?

Odyll: For two reasons.

Schultz: What are they?

Odyll: Well, in the first place, Milton, I suspect, has not forgiven Willie of the Fells for sighing in the strain you quote, and then going off and living a vegetable life in the lake district, sitting on the rocks until the moss grew on him. If you invoke a spirit you must fulfil that spirit's mission.

Lalton: Well, you must admit he wrote some fine poetry; that passage beginning:

"And I have felt a spirit which disturbs me

With the joy of elevated thought."

Odyll: Yes, I know. He could "blow his trumpet to the steep" alright enough. But he wrote a lot of silly drivel, too. Did you ever read his "Excursion" through?

Schultz: No, but I've had a lot of other trouble in my time.

Lalton: Well, it's an excursion I've not been able to take. I could never spare more than an hour or so for it.

Schultz: Yes, that's it, and it is a week-end trip at the very least.

Odyll: Week-end? Nothing of the kind. It has more than a weak-end; it's weak in lots of places. Life's too short, and English literature too varied, to spend a week-end upon Wordsworth's "Excursion."

Lalton: Sir, I perceive that you are a prophet.

Schultz: No, no, no, not that, Lalton, not a prophet, but er—an er—Englishman like the one of whom his own beloved Portia said he posed, as who should say: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak, let no dog bark."

Odyll: Perhaps I do; but you, Schultz, might pay Shakespeare the compliment of quoting him correctly. He's wrong, isn't he, Lalton?

Lalton: He gets you, Schultz: "A hit, a palpable hit."

Schultz: Here comes young Bobins.

Odyll: Have you a Lycidas with you, Bobins?

Bobins: Yes, I have him without and within.

Lalton: "How means the knave?"

Schultz: "Ay, marry, unmuzzle your wisdom"—Say, did I get old Bill right that time?

Bobins: I have committed Lycidas to memory, and I have the poem in my pocket.

Odyll: You have, in short, to borrow George Herbert's beautiful lines, addressed to one who was enjoying too much the pleasures of the table:

"Looked on meat, thought it dirt;

Then ate a bit, and said withal:

'Earth to earth, I commit.'"

Bobins: So you say, Odyll, old joint.

Lalton: Bobins, his logic gives you a very carnal mind. Of the earth, earthly.

Bobins: Yes, I see that. But what muck! If Milton and I are both dust and we are to be blended, am I not honored by the mixture?

Schultz: It's a little rough on Milton's dust.

Lalton: "Great Caesar dead and turned to clay will fill a hole to keep the wind away."

Bobins: And Milton's lyric soul, I trust,
When mingled with my humbler dust.

Schultz: Ignites the Robin's lyric fire,
Such force has Milton's mighty mire.

Odyll: He tries to sing, for sing he must,
But, choking with that mighty dust,
In agony, we see him "bust."

(They all take hands and sing in chorus)
He tries to sing, for sing he must;
But, choking with that mighty dust,
In agony, we see him "bust."

Lalton (to Odyll): When you get your breath again, you fat philosopher, will you give us the second reason why Milton would not respond to Wordsworth, and why you are so anxious to get a copy of Lycidas?

Odyll: Well, then, some one give me the "Greek invocation for drawing fools into a circle," and I will tell you friendly, in your ear.

Lalton: Due ad me, Due at me, Due at me.

(They gather together.)

Odyll: The way to raise the spirit of any poet is to quote him.

Bobins: Lummy! Do you mean to say that all the poets we have quoted this morning are round us now?

Odyll: Just that. (Looking about him:)
"Ye throng before my eyes divinely clear,
Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky;
Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The past, the past alone, seems real to me."

Schultz: Himmel, that's German.

Bobins: What's German? Himmel is German, if that's what you mean.

Schultz: No, you dull fool. Don't you know he is quoting Goethe?

Bobins: Good, Lord! If he comes, here's where we take a German prisoner.

Odyll: "You do him wrong, to offer him violence, being so majestic." And I tell you, we need Goethe as much as Milton, probably more. Besides, he is more interesting.

Lalton: Oh, come now, Odyll.

Odyll: Well, he makes his men and women do things. The things that Milton only talked about.

Lalton: For example?

Odyll: Well, Milton talked about sporting with Amaryllis in the shade and playing with the tangle of Neaera's hair. But for my part I never feel that he did it. Read your Faust and you will see it done.

Bobins: But he is a damned German.

Odyll (quoting from the last lines of the first part of Faust):
"Mephisto: She is damned. Voice from above: She is redeemed."

(A bell rings violently.) They leave the library and walk down the front staircase to the rotunda, keeping by the wall all the way down.

Bobins: What rotten luck We didn't give old Odyll a chance to get in touch with Milton after all.

Lalton: No, it's too bad, Odyll. That blessed bell is like the rooster at Elsinore. Your spirits take flight at it.

Odyll: Yes, with a difference. It is true that our actors have for a time, "like an insubstantial pageant, faded, leaving not a rack behind." But they can at any time of the day or night be brought back with the appropriate quotation. That confounded bell would, it is true, make a cenotaph of Olympus. But in solitude, or in congenial fellowship, murmur over a line from any of these "Gods of the older days" and the genius of the "word" will appear and build a "palace of art" for you. Ay, the Gods of that high Olympus will thereupon

"Silently laugh at their own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of 'fame'
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
Will arise and—————"

Dr. Mallison (at the door of the lecture room): Will you condescend to take the lecture on Milton this morning, Mr. Odyll?

Odyll: With pleasure, sir. I am sorry to be late, but I have been trying to get a man on long distance.

Dr. Mallison: Well, did you get in touch with him?

Odyll: No, but I have just realized that he will be at your lecture.

Dr. Mallison (to himself): Sometimes I think that fellow is crazy.

G. L. Waite, Theo. '15.

* * * * *

MY SENTIMENTS (Braithwaite, '18)

A poem in "Life" a few months ago had this closing verse (the words are quoted from Queen's Journal):

How dear to my heart is the thing they call Latin
When fond recitations present it to view.
The clauses, the phrases, all dressed in their satin,
And every loved ending that makes us feel blue;
The high-sounding doo-dads and outlandish diet,
The slave with a spear and the Roman who fell,
The verbal gerundive, the noun crouching nigh it,
Are hidden in Latin which I loved so well.
That time-honored Latin,
That iron-bound Latin,
That moss-covered Latin,
Which hangs on so well.



Owing to the smaller registration, athletics for the season are somewhat handicapped; but, as it is our purpose not so much to produce record breakers as it is to develop the natural abilities of every student, there is the greater chance for budding athletes to get out and work in some of the various branches of sport. Every one is invited out to the practices and will be given a good hard try-out in the search for material of intercollegiate calibre.

Track is past, football under way; and in both these the chances for Wesley finishing at top looked (on paper) to be quite assured. With a lot of material in the junior years the prospects for the red and blue are very promising.

L. T.

TRACK

Wesley College held their annual field meet on Wednesday afternoon, October 11th, at the exhibition grounds, all lectures being called off in order to allow all aspiring athletes—as well as rooters—to be on hand. A good crowd of students and Faculty members turned out to witness the meet, and, of course, we cannot forget to mention the ladies, who placed their books on the shelves and came to inspire the boys to more meritorious feats of skill. Everything passed off without a hitch, while a better day could not have been given us. The track was in good condition, which enabled the boys to show their real form in all the running events.

The most notable feature of the day was that the fourth year once again carried off the premier honors, and incidentally made it the fourth successive victory for the '17 class. For the Seniors, Taylor and L. Gryte did splendid work, winning thirty of the forty-two points. Both boys were in good form, but partook of too many events to get the best results from their efforts. For the '20 class N. Wise was always an opponent that had to be seriously considered, but overwork told on him with the result that he lost out in the final of the 100 yards after having won the first heat. His all-round athletic ability, however, looks like a valuable asset to the college in the future. Gardner, another freshman, showed real headwork in the half mile, running near the tail end of the line till the last 200 yards, then, with a nice sprint, finishing well ahead of his opponents.

As to the different events, the competition was always close and

exciting, with probably the 100 yards dash as the greatest surprise. The first heat was won with a fair lead by N. Wise, L. Gryte finishing second. The next heat was "nip and tuck" all the way, with McKenty, Taylor and C. Gryte breasting the tape almost together, but were credited in the order named. The final between the winners of the two heats was fast and close, with L. Gryte leading, Taylor and McKenty coming in with only a few inches between them.

Points according to years:

Fourth year	42
Second year	15
First year	14
Third year	2

TRACK CHAMPION

For the fourth consecutive year the '17 boys have carried off the inter-class track championship, and for three of the four years they have had the individual champion, the last of whom was Leslie Taylor. Les. is certainly a hard worker, and if there is a possible chance he will come out on top. For an all-round athlete few excel him. He is always near the front on the 100 or 220 dash, and when he throws the weight the rest are always behind. He has capacity for development which has not yet been really shown, as he has not yet had all the training which brings out in entirety the athletic abilities one possesses. This year he has shown better form than ever, and we can safely predict still greater achievements.

L. A. G.

FOOTBALL

Even though the war has made great ravages in the ranks of the footballers of all the colleges, the Intercollegiate Football Association is again looking forward to a very successful season. At a recent meeting of this Association all the representatives from the various colleges were unanimous in the opinion that football should be continued even though the brand of ball may not come up to the standard of previous seasons.

The following officers were re-elected:

Hon. President—J. H. McLean.

President—A. C. Abbott.

Vice-President—R. Black.

Clothing for Good Dressers

We have the style of clothes that college men like to wear. We can guarantee you one hundred cents' worth of satisfaction for every dollar you invest with us. Come in and give our lines the once over; and be sure and tell us you are from Wesley.

ARGUE McLEAN, Limited

Portage Avenue

Phone M. 4568

Corner Donald

Secretary—R. Backmann.

Treasurer—E. Buckingham.

Although many of Wesley's last year Senior team will not be with us in the coming season, yet there are prospects for recruiting a team which will no doubt give a good account of itself, as the Wesley team has always done in the past. It is the desire of the executive, even as we know it will be the wish of individual members of the student body, that each and all turn out and help the lads bring home that famous football shield.

C. A. G.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

In accordance with the wishes of the athletic department of Wesley, a tennis tournament was drawn up, and in the sunshiny days of early October the first round was completed. But, alas, the second round not only lacks completion—it is not yet even begun. The weather-man evidently has vetoed tennis. He had better absent himself from these college halls as there are quite a number of devotees who are pining to get their revenge.

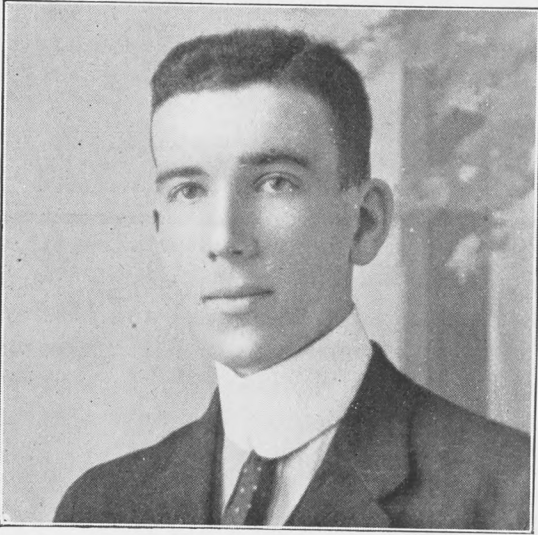
* * * * *

THE INITIATION

Although in some respects it may be true that "the old order changeth, giving place to new," yet the welcome which the "old timers" in college extend to those seeking admission to their ranks shows no signs of an appreciable departure from the well-established and orthodox lines. But within these well-defined and hoary limits there is considerable opportunity for the activities of an original and daring imagination. Wesley College this year has had an Initiation worthy of the best days of her great past. The success which has been achieved is due in no small measure to the efforts of Mr. T. H. Nuttall, for the splendid ritual used on the occasion was the product of his fertile mind.

The freshmen on their arrival were conveyed to one of the ante-rooms in the basement of the college. Here the mystic rites were conferred on those who sought to be initiated into "the secret mysteries of the spirit of Wesley." Consideration for the physical welfare of the novices marked the proceedings. Lest the candidates should have sustained a shock or other injury, "examinations" were made by the expert medical men in attendance, and "restoratives" were in each case administered. After the various degrees had been conferred the entire company resorted to the gymnasium, when four of the new students were arraigned on charges preferred against them. Needless to say there was much genius displayed in the several indictments, peals of laughter being evoked in which the freshmen joined heartily. The Senior Stick at the conclusion of the trial discarded the oriental robe which he had been wearing during the evening, and delivered a brief but inspiring speech. He referred in touching terms to the old boys who were taking part in the great European struggle, and concluded by extending on behalf of the College a cordial welcome to the new men. Refreshments were afterwards served in the Convocation Hall, and an extempore programme was thoroughly enjoyed.

E. F. M.

ALBERT C. COOK, SENIOR STICK

To follow W. A. Carrothers is no easy task, for "Pat" was "Great in council and great in war." However, Albert Cooke has so readily assumed control and has so easily brought the relations between old and new students to such cordiality, that the line of senior sticks can count itself honoured by his name upon their roll of fame. With a smaller registration—yet larger than had been anticipated—we feel sure that our executive head will keep the laurels of old Wesley

bright, and we look forward confidently to seeing the red and blue colours in the forefront of University activity.

EDITH A. ROBERTSON, LADY STICK

The office of Lady Stick suggests the highest honour which the women students can give, and also involves duties which are at once arduous and painstaking. An unusual amount of tactfulness is required, combined with sympathy of the most helpful kind. Edith Robertson, our stick for the '17 year, is a combination of all that is good and true. From her first day in college we, who knew her, felt that she was destined for something greater than the ordinary student. Our expectations have been realized, and we find Edith occupying a position for which few are justified. She has won the admiration of all the girls—and the boys, too! Edith is always ready to help, whether it be to aid a freshette in her studies, to act on committees, to speak in a Y. W. C. A. meeting, or to render assistance at a residence "feed." Already Edith shows that our choice has been a wise one, and we wish her success in her year's work.





SOCIAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY

In conformity with the spirit of the times the Social and Literary Society do not contemplate an unduly and particularly hilarious season. Though late in starting, we anticipate putting into operation a very progressive policy. So much that is disheartening nowadays tends to detract from the joys of life that we need at times to turn to lighter subjects lest we become too great pessimists. Literary evenings present an opportunity for the development of those qualities which are peculiarly associated with the drawing room and concert hall. In this connection they perform a very important function in college life. Many spheres of influence are required to round out in perfect symmetry and harmony the character of a good citizen, and certainly music and art must not be neglected, for they are the essence, one might almost say, of true culture. Furthermore, at these assemblies there is accorded to all students ample opportunity of meeting their fellow students in a more or less informal manner. Thus a loyalty for the college is engendered and interest aroused in things pertaining to our institution. We ask for the hearty support and co-operation of all the students, and if this is granted there can be no doubt that at least, as far as the Social and Literary Society are concerned, 1916-1917 will see the successful continuance of a strictly progressive policy for Wesley College.

* * * * *

WESLEY DEBATING SOCIETY

To repeat what has already been said: "The prophets, priests and kings of today are the men and women who, to vision and intensive thought have added skill in debate, and so made themselves masters of public assemblies."

The Debating Society for the year 1916-17 proposes to continue the aim of former years in training our students in clear thinking, concise expression and, last but not least, in a knowledge of current events. For those who have excelled in the inter-class series, the inter-collegiate offers a still greater scope for their talents; while for those whose inclination is towards word-painting rather than logic, the Oratorical Contest of next term is provided.

Every class stand by your reps. and every student turn out to the debates to inspire the speakers with your presence and make this "the best year yet!"

MILDRED McMURRAY,
President.

THE PROBATIONERS' SOCIETY

The Probationers' Society has met under its new president, Mr. Charles, and has outlined its policy for the session. Meetings at stated periods, as in former years, will not be held, but distinguished men who may visit the city, as well as men of outstanding merit in the city itself, will be asked to address the Society on different subjects of interest. Admission to these meetings will not be confined to the theological students, but all members of the college will be invited to attend.

Dissatisfaction with the inadequate amounts paid for summer supply work has for some time prevailed. A resolution stating the grievance which exists and asking for redress has been unanimously passed by the Association. A committee has been appointed to present this resolution to the Summer Supply Committee, which shortly meets in the city.

The question of the wearing of academic dress was considered, and a resolution recommending that the dress be worn by all theological students received unanimous support.

The Rev. Professor Spencely has been appointed to the honorary presidency of the association.

E. F. M.

* * * * *

Y.W.C.A. RECEPTION

The new girls were welcomed by the University Association in the Y.W.C.A. drawing rooms on September 29th. In a delightful and unmistakable way the newcomers were made to feel that they belonged, that there is a place in college life and in the organization for each one which only she can fill.

Our new president, Miss Olive Switzer, in her straightforward, earnest way, gave the girls an idea of what the Student Association should mean and will mean if each will do her share.

* * * * *

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on October 12 in the University Girls' Room. Mr. Kern, lately returned from China, talked about the work among the Chinese women; of their great need; of the changes which will come through the knowledge of the gospel, and of our part in the spreading of this knowledge.

We hope to face the problems which we must meet by the cultivation of the spirit of helpfulness and sacrifice through prayer and service.

* * * * *

The aim this year in the Y.W. is to bring out more than ever the real purpose of our Association, namely: "through the relationship of all students in the love of Christ to further the Kingdom of God throughout the world." This can only be done by fostering the "togetherness blossom." The "togetherness blossom" will only reach its full bloom by every girl living up to her responsibility both in her personal life and in organization work. Let us each smile and do our part.

OLIVE SWITZER.

The best wishes of "Vox" are extended to our old friend "Tubby" on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Kathleen Stoneham, of England. The ceremony took place at the Wesleyan Church, Hythe, Kent, on 17th September last.

We also wish to congratulate the bridegroom on his acceptance of a commission with the 73rd Canadians. It is a well-deserved honor.

* * * * *

In a class studying Milton it was asked: "Who was it in the New Testament that wore a hairy shirt?"

Bright Theo.—"Elijah."

* * * * *

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the professor, sternly, of his class.

"Oh, no, sir," came the reply in chorus.

"Then," asked the professor even more grimly, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

* * * * *

At a test in French: "Mr. Ib——n, why are you not writing?"

"I cannot express my thoughts, Miss R——l."

"Send them along by freight, then," was the advice.

* * * * *

Professor, in a lecture on barter and exchange: "Today a literary criticism is usually made in writing. In the neolithic days if a shoe-maker, for example, disapproved of a poet's verse he would, in all probability, take steps at once to make a criticism of a somewhat different kind. He would need to persuade a club-maker to give him one of his products in return for a pair of boots or he would need to get by barter from somebody else an article which the club-maker would accept as the price of the desired club. Having obtained the weapon, the shoe-maker would then be in a position to criticize the poet."

* * * * *

On field day the freshmen were represented by a Wise athlete.

* * * * *

The '19 class had just launched their new yell. The '18 class, perhaps with a little jealousy, retorted in the full strength of their practised voices:

One a Zimmer, Two a Zimmer, Three a Zimmer, Zam!

Second Year's a winner and we, etc.

*Central
Business College*

***A good reliable
school that you can
recommend.***

MISS HARRIET J. WILLIAMS

To some of the faculty and students of Wesley College, the name of Miss Harriet J. Williams as yet may mean very little. Those of us who have had the privilege of knowing Miss Williams as a friend and as secretary of Grace Church feel that a personality such as hers will not long remain unrecognized.



For the last six years, Miss Williams has been secretary of Grace Church, a position which she filled with ability and efficiency. She has the distinction of being the first woman secretary of the Methodist Church in Canada. In this position, Miss Williams was interested in girls' problems, especially that of securing suitable and instructive employment. In this capacity she also sought to provide opportunities for the development of girls. Shakespeare's plays, Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and the "Pageant of Empire" were all presented under Miss Williams' able management.

As president of the Young Women's Council of Grace Church, Miss Williams has a brilliant record of successes. Through her efforts, the original organization of the M. L. A. was brought about and has grown to be such a weighty factor in the Methodist Church today.

The students of Wesley are glad to welcome Miss Williams as their college secretary, and to wish that her sojourn among us may be a long and happy one.

MISS M. BOWES

Last year, which was one of great importance in the development of Wesley College, brought to us Miss Margaret Bowes to fill the position of college secretary. It is easy to understand that the work was rather complicated for that special year, and we cannot fail to recognize the ability of Miss Bowes in the success of her task.

In her, one found a cheerful, helpful personality, and to those of us who knew her best, her sunny smile, thoughtfulness for others, and unselfish devotion to Wesley have won her a place in our hearts as a true friend. One of Miss Bowes' outstanding characteristics is her love for her work, and we feel that she could well say with Ruskin: "Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one."

We wish Miss Bowes every success in her future undertakings.

M. A. '17.

RELIGIOUS

Summary of a Thanksgiving sermon preached by Principal Crummy in Grace Church, Sunday morning, October 8, 1916.

We owe a debt of gratitude to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for his suggestion that this year Thanksgiving Day should be observed as a day of Thanksgiving, Confession and Supplication or Hope. This gives character to the day and adapts it to these times through which we are passing. There is a chain of texts which not only fitly expresses our warrant for this attitude of mind when we approach God, but suggests that the three-fold attitude indicated really blends into a larger unity.

The first is that found in the 20th verse, 147th Psalm, "He hath not dealt so with any nation." Here the note of Thanksgiving is struck. In the next, found in Amos 3: 2, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore will I visit upon you all your iniquities," we are called to confession of our sins by the prophet's incisive statement of that in which they consist, and hence of the enormity of their character. As to the third attitude of the spirit, Hope, which is the flower of Supplication, it has in the whole of the Scriptures perhaps never been better portrayed, so far at least as its foundation is concerned, than in Isaiah 40: 1-2: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned."

The expansive power imparted to the faculties of the soul by gladness and enthusiasm, which are the essential elements of Thanksgiving, need only be referred to. The lad in the enthusiasm of the game is in resourcefulness—in real living—ten times and more what he is in his moments of depression and discontent. The song of nature at sunrise has no minor key, and no discordant note; and this is due to no daily renovation that nature herself undergoes, but to the mind refreshed and satisfied through the rest of the night. And Thanksgiving has no nobler function than when it stands for the nation as the door to Confession. It is in its national aspect that it reaches its highest. The nation as the sum of those who compose it, and of the generations who have formed its past, presents to view the cumulative good which God has bestowed upon the people. Nowhere else can the gifts of the God of Providence and Grace assume a character so impressive or a magnitude so vast.

The review of national good may degenerate into empty boasting, but not if engaged in in the spirit of the Psalmist. Here no act of the

nation is extolled, but only the act of God. And if God has shown special favor, He has a purpose which humbles by the sense of responsibility His blessing conveys. Thus from the review the expansive power of enthusiasm is felt, and with it the steadying influence of humility. This result is even the more certain when it is in the realm of the spiritual that the favor of God is observed. It was not territorial extent, or political prominence, or vast national wealth that He had heaped upon His people. It was the knowledge of His ordinances that made Judah a peculiar people.

I will follow the suggestion of the Psalmist today, in pointing out the gifts of God to our nation. Only two of these shall I direct your attention to, but they are comprehensive in their character. And if a nation's greatest wealth consists in the power to serve, then these gifts must mark the nation as unique in the favor God has bestowed upon her. The first of these is Britain's democracy, or rather those conditions that enable democracy to reach its highest development. Democracy, as the principle of free self-expression realizing itself in the complex relationships of national life, depends for its highest development upon the greatest possible diversity within the bounds of the nation. One has but to turn his attention to our nation for a moment to notice that not in all history has there been another community of people so rich in this important respect. Besides the discipline this condition affords to the democratic principle, it, on the one hand, takes up national characteristics, which alone might be undesirable or elements of weakness, and makes them, by being blended with other national characteristics, contribute to the common strength; while on the other hand, it imparts a capacity for sympathy with other peoples that can be secured in no other way. If the character of our Lord supplies a standard for the nation as for the individual, this is national wealth and blessing of the highest order.

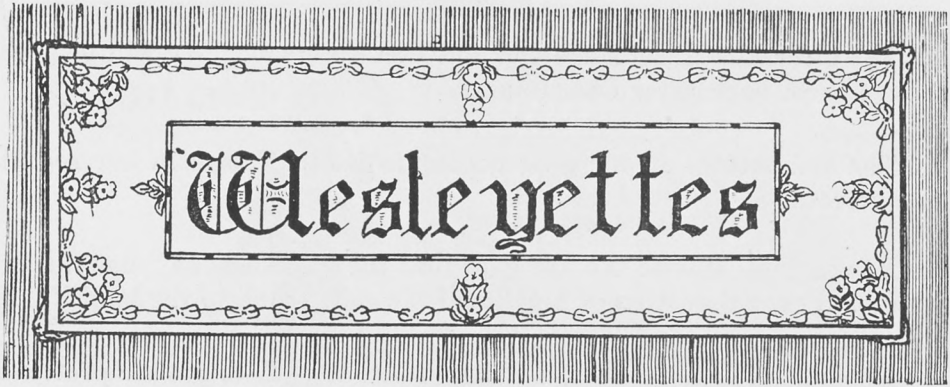
But the Empire has been signally favored with another gift of God, which makes her unique among the peoples. In the production of the individual, which is the crowning task of the nation, it is difficult to over-estimate the value of the new conception of kingship which has grown up in the Empire. It aims at placing before the nation the "type" man. Our King is no longer the legislator, or general, or jurist, but the man-kingly because he gathers up in himself as fully as a man may be taught to do the whole diverse life of the community, and because the instrument by which he exercises his kingly sway is not force but sympathy. In these two aspects of the nation's life, so vast in their significance, we can see the hand of God and the evidence that "He hath not dealt so with any nation."

From the contemplation of our national blessings, the mind turns to consider the responsibility these entail, and which in turn suggests our sin and the repentance to which we are called. And we need here the clearer vision of the heights. Two agencies often bring us into confusion; the pulpit, by presenting codes, social or economical, which at best are matters of debate, often places us under its condemnation, but not with conviction. On the other hand, that something is seriously

wrong is surely suggested by the fact that in those great tidal waves of speculation and vulgarity, which at times sweep over the face of the nation, the Christian seems to be swept away, if not as readily, at least as really as the men whose goal is gain. The question suggested by the text, of punishment and the church's responsibility, adds to the confusion. How can the Christian save the nation, if the wicked will not hear? Will the nation be punished because of the wicked, and the claims of the righteous be disregarded? What is the moral average that determines the result? How can the faithful challenge the unfaithful within the church, if the standard is spiritual? Does it not become a matter of judging one another, with all the unlovely brood that springs from this?

As a contribution to the solution of the problem suggested, I think the following statements may be made with a measure of confidence. There is no Christian standard, economical or social, other than Jesus Christ. Like Him we are endowed with the gifts of God that we may be Godlike. If He is the interpreter of life, no life is normal but that which employs all possession and power to serve. No social or economical theory is universally valid, but the eager spirit always seeks that which will best serve its high purpose. So much for sin. As to responsibility and punishment we may with Christ, as the interpreter of life, conclude that the disobedient, so far as they are such, are nationally a negligible quantity; that true spiritual fidelity and devotion (not Pharisaic isolation) must either inspire others to faithfulness, or drive them to the ranks of the disobedient; that the salvation of the nation, both from disaster and to the accomplishment of its divinely appointed task, is therefore in the hands of the Church. The sin of the nation is then my sin. And this not judged by some fanciful or debateable standard, but by my practical loyalty to Jesus Christ.

The spirit of true repentance gives rise to the spirit of hope. And we turn for an expression of this to the third passage, "Comfort ye, my people." We believe that in the proper interpretation of the great catastrophe through which the world is passing one aspect at least is that it is a punishment of our sins. And Britain must take a large share of the blame through the very fact of the vastness of her blessings. This is not at all inconsistent with our honest claim that immediately the conflict is due to other causes, and that the responsibility is upon other shoulders. The creative and re-creative power of righteousness, of a spirit of love and service, employing the great gifts with which God has blessed us, is such that we cannot doubt that had Christian Britain been faithful the ethical stage at which such a conflict would be possible would have been passed long before this. But if we now repent, the punishment is sufficient for it will then have done its work. Not like the physical, with its permanent scars and irreparable losses, is the spiritual; rather the comfort proclaimed by the prophet becomes effective the instant the unfaithful church turns to the higher plane of obedience and faith.



Welcome. Girls, if we only could, we would like to be quite sure that the magic music of this word has gripped you with that home-like feeling which we wish you to experience among us. We, too, to realize some of our youthful dreams, embarked on the fortunes of college life. The older girls guided us through storm and calm; we hope to follow in their steps. Heartily we hail you welcome, and want you to feel in your new associations

“A link to bind when circumstances part
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart.”

We older girls are happy to be back. Although the responsibility seems greater than ever before, we are glad for what the carrying out of our duties can mean to one and all in these great times.

* * * * *

A Toast by the Wesleyettes

So here's to our Soldier Boys,
For they're good ones, hearts and hands;
They're a credit to their college
And all for which it stands.
May their luck be never failing,
May their girls be ever true.
God bless you, lads in khaki,
Here's Old Wesley's love to you.

* * * * *

Freshettes

Observe these don'ts and preserve these be's in the hives of your own mind:

Don't miss a good time—for fear of initiation.

Don't be offended when you see your name in this paper; it's your own fault.

Don't be careless in word or deed; our reporters are sharp and are everywhere.

Don't talk to gentlemen in the halls or corridors.

Be an all-round girl.

Be courteous to the faculty, especially your own teachers.

Be polite to the seniors, for it is comely to respect age.

Be punctual, lest you miss your turn.

NOTES

The girls miss Hazel Buckman and Lou Foreman. We will be glad to have them back after Christmas.

* * * * *

The sympathies of our girls go out to Edith Nelson in her recent bereavement.

* * * * *

Back again, Marie! We are glad that the "Buka-Laka" has finally dominated over the "Chug-Chug" and the call "back to the land."

* * * * *

Freshette (on Field Day)—"Hasn't Mr. W—T—s got the prettiest arms!"

* * * * *

Dr. Allison—"You know, after all, there is a certain sort of grandeur in bald heads."

Mr. Har-y-ett (with intense emotion)—"I'm very glad to hear it!"

* * * * *

We are sorry Irene Irvine cannot be with us this year, but we wish her every success in her normal course at Brandon.

* * * * *

Residence "Roomers"

We congratulate Miss Edwards on her study of Practical Theology.

* * * * *

May Flo's dream of raisin pie materialize!

* * * * *

Overheard in Ladies' Parlor—"She's dandy. If you're ever stuck for anything, go to Miss Williams—she knows everything!"

* * * * *

It has been noticed that one of the University professors is learning Hebrew. We knew that potential Zangwills were assembling at 'Varsity, but we had no idea matters were in such an advanced stage.

* * * * *

Some of the girls suspect that Miss Ed—ds is taking lessons in voice culture. Otherwise, why is she always singing, "Farewell, Brother W—ts"?

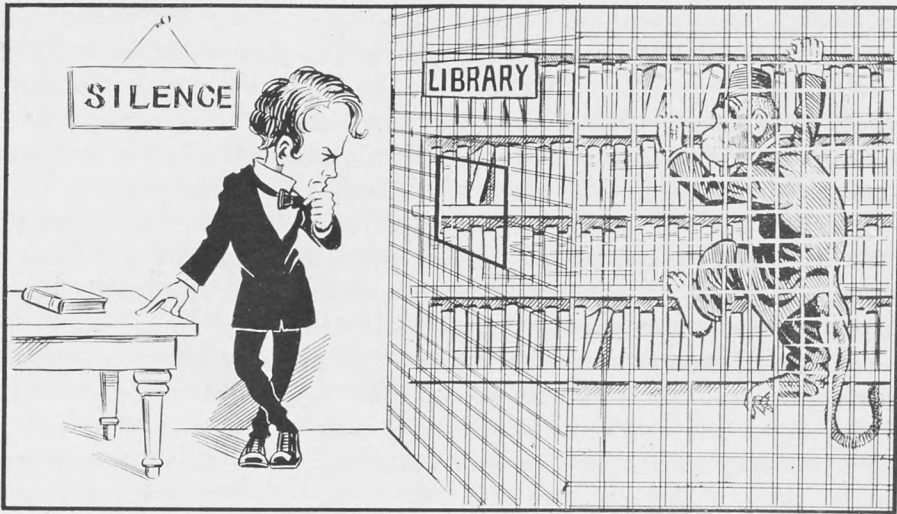
— WEAR —
FIT-RITE
 — TAILORED —
CLOTHES

CANADA'S FINEST

Stiles & Humphries
 Limited

261 Portage Ave. and 480 Main St.

10 per cent. Discount to Students



It hath been said by them of old time, "of making many books there is no end and much study is a weariness of the flesh." In monastic days, during the intervals of erotic mysticism, many illuminated manuscripts were produced, but it was generally conceded that the end of the flesh was weariness. Today, though dedicating flesh to higher uses, we persist in making many books and these accumulate until the vaults of the Bodleian are bursting and the shelves of the British Museum are full. Even men of such distinction as Edmund Gosse hold the Prussian view that a place in the sun can only be provided by the elimination of Belgium and Serbia. Others, while recognizing the authority of Mr. Gosse as a literary critic, hold with Candide that it is unwise to value every word in an author of repute.

So, too, at Wesley there are divergent views. There are those who remember with regret the recent activities of the Hangman who, for a few days all too short, consigned some hoary platitudes to the flames and rejoiced when they were consumed. On the other hand, there are those who do not regret the consequent disappearance of dust and multiplication of space, who hope against hope that as years go by Wesley's discourses on Algebra will repose beside the ashes of our fathers at home rather than upon the mathematical shelves in our cage, who pray that the cage itself may automatically open and facilitate the "circumfusion of bright light."

In the meantime, gentle critic, as the librarian furtively passes the precious volume between the bars, think not of the anthropoid ape, nor jump to the conclusion that you have found the missing link. Is it not true that culture is exclusive, that civilization which veneers the cynicism of Rob Roy must be protected by the power of Von der Goltz from the overwhelming Goth and the devastating Hun? Have there not been collectors who failed to distinguish between *meum* and *teum*? second-hand book-sellers who failed to recognize the proprietary claim vested in the title, *Felix qui rerum potuit cognoscere causas*?

Nor let us forget that a cage both protects and calls attention to that which is within. If one goes to a public park unmindful of pea-

nuts, does not the sight of a cage immediately recall the vagrant wit and remind the delinquent that he who would gaze within must bring his gift, however small. Likewise, the student who would release one of those tomes must come in the right spirit and offer a burning desire for knowledge, a zeal that will triumph over both the initial difficulty of getting the book and the greater difficulty of assimilating it.

Further, this idea of a cage has strange analogies. All professors of the *ancient tongues* assert that if they wish to call attention to certain passages, say from Aristophanes or Juvenal, the better way is to suggest that these passages need not be read. Immediately the student mind becomes alert. The tree of knowledge alone is desirable henceforth, and these passages become the most familiar of all. May not the same law apply to books in a cage? The curiosity will be piqued in a way otherwise impossible and the student will immediately want to know both good and evil. He will feel that if he can enjoy the usufruct of those volumes for four brief years his head will be full.

The more one reflects upon the idea, the more one feels that the fathers of our library knew psychology better than their critics; and in truth they have modern science in the reserve trenches. Was it not a *Biblia Sacra* chained to a public pillar in the cloister of his monastery which illuminated the soul of Luther and enabled him to give freedom and light to the modern world? May not some Wesley student with *Stubbs' Select Charters* dangling from a chain carry the principles of freedom and self-government to the ends of the earth?

"Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains," said Rousseau as he was about to tear those chains away. "Man is never so free," says the theologian, "as when he is compelled to follow the laws of his better self." If the student comes to the cage seeking books worth reading rather than a reputation for reading many books, all the obstacles which ineptitude or financial shortsightedness can possibly strew in his way cannot prevent the truth from setting him free. If he eats sparingly he may digest more easily and assimilate more thoroughly. Truth nurtured on fasting is better than Kultur embedded in *sausages*. "A Spaniard will live for a week on a German's dinner."

D. C. H.

* * * * *

WILLIE WILLIAMS

There was no doubt about it—he was homely. His name was Willie Williams, but the gang called him "Freckles," and the little girls "Smarty."

Willie's clothes were invariably selected from Eaton's catalogue, or the general store in town. They were always the same 'good serviceable tweed' and 'a size ahead for him to grow into'—which he never did. The trousers usually came just below the knees, and the pockets were, without fail, make-believe. Could anything be more tragic? Where were his "allies," his "transfer papers," his "lucky stone" and Roger's biscuits to go!

From the beginning Willie hated school. Measles, mumps, chicken-

pox, and a kick from the horse, in turn kept him home. He had missed division, and was at the bottom of the class. Every morning at nine o'clock, with regularity, he would take a pain, varying in location from his stomach to his arm and foot. Sometimes it was stationary, other times it was "shooting," as Willie explained. Merely the appearance of a certain universal family medicine bottle worked like magic. Recovery was as sudden as the attack.

In Willie's early school-days there was one day that he always dreaded—Friday. As his mother was deeply interested in his progress at school, her visits to the teacher were frequent and prolonged, much to Willie's discomfort. On Friday afternoons, as a special favor to the class, the teacher usually held spelling-matches. Now, Willie hated them. He knew from past experiences that he would be the last chosen, and most likely the first to go down. But Willie loved recesses; yet, because he sat behind little Susan Harper, whose long thin braid reached over the top of the desk, his were few.

On Sunday, Willie sang in the little church choir, his sweet voice soaring above the others. He looked as celestial as an English choir boy, and it mystified his teacher. Were those beautiful sad eyes of the sweet singer the eyes of naughty Willie who pulled little girls' hair and drew pictures on his slate? On Sunday afternoon, Willie's mother taught Sunday school, and Willie was forced to sit beside her in the girls' class, while the other boys of his own age sat together, giggling among themselves.

Whenever Willie got to town it was with his mother. She always drove herself, much to Willie's humiliation. While she traded with the grocer he was allowed to hold the reins, but the weight was always on! Willie loved maple syrup, and while his mother was getting the egg crate out of the back of the buggy preparatory to entering "the general store," Willie would turn around and say, "Maw, get some maple syrup." But mother, tired by the intense heat and exasperated by the obstinate egg crate, would invariably say, "Too much sweet stuffs isn't good for little boys; you'll be crying with tooth-ache again."

On his twelfth birthday Willie wanted a gun with all the ardency of his age. His bachelor uncle, on his travels, forgetful of the lapse of time, sent a silk frilled hat—one too young and, worse still, it was a girl's. His mother presented him with a book entitled "A Good Little Boy," and his father gave his blessing.

About seven o'clock at night, in the vicinity of Willie's home, there would frequently come a whistle, at first faintly, then more insistently. Father would invariably look over his glasses and say, "What's that noise?" and Willie would answer, "That's just Jimmy."

Now, chickens had been repeatedly disappearing. As the days went on, their disappearance still continued. Then it reached a climax! Roger was to be shot to see if that wouldn't stop it! Willie was broken-hearted. Roger was his cherished dog, and the only thing on earth he really loved! Behind the barn, Willie took Roger's head between his knees and asked solemnly, "Roger, did you take that chicken? Tell

me truthfully, I won't scold.'" And Roger's beseeching eyes looked up into Willie's while he barked protestingly. Tears rolled down Willie's cheeks as he buried his face in the shaggy hair of his beloved playmate, and said, "I knew you didn't!"

When Willie was still a very little boy he had his picture taken in town. He had a new straw sailor and for weeks before he had planned to have it taken in this hat, and with Roger at his side. At last the eventful day arrived. Willie had been well prepared for the occasion. Hours before he arranged and re-arranged first a red tie, then a black bow, combed and drenched his curly locks, blackened his boots, and put on some of his mother's perfume. Out in the barn he had scrubbed the mystified Roger with a mother's capable hands. But at the photographer's complications arose,—disappointed Willie had to have his picture taken minus his hat, and, worst of all, sitting on his mother's knee.

At the age of fifteen Willie started to the town high school. By the age of nineteen he was prepared for college. He had played on the star hockey team against the city boys. He wore a sweater with a "V" upon it, and he combed his hair straight back. He was William now!

That fall he came down to college. He practiced untiringly for field day, and won three points for his year. He wondered if the other fellows felt as he did after running, and if it took as much out of them. At his books he worked like a Trojan, yet he had many troubles, for the professors were sometimes sarcastic and his people at home seemed to think he had a private income.

In William's life there had been One Girl. He had seen her many times—first at the college dinner, and the last time at the rink. She had brown curls and usually wore a brown coat and a little brown tam o'shanter.

War had been declared. William was not the first to enlist—nor the last. He did not join in the spirit of adventure; he had a feeling that he would never return. In September of the following year he arrived in Flanders and took his place in the trenches. Weeks lengthened into months. William still felt as he did the first week—he was no hero, neither was he brave. During his turn in the front trench he could not eat. at shell-fire he shook in every limb. When advance orders were given, his hands became cold and beads of perspiration stood out upon his face. He found it hard, but he never flinched. Then one night, after a heavy siege from a machine-gun, William was injured. The stretcher bearers did not come till morning, but William knew someone had to be the last rescued!

It was night. Stillness reigned in the Belgian village. The year 1915 was drawing to a close. The great base hospital was wrapped in slumber; a single light burned in an upstairs window. The room was partly shaded; on a chair lay a soldier's uniform, while in the centre of the room was a white iron cot, and on it lay a figure swathed in

bandages. A nurse, with tears in her eyes, bent over the sufferer. The face was flushed. Perspiration stood out in beads. He was so young to suffer so. The figure stirred; he was apparently conscious (it wouldn't be William to drift into unconsciousness). A voice moaned, "Don't leave me, don't leave me, it is so dark!" . . . "Mother! Mother! They are nailing me to a cross!" "I can't see, where am I". . . . "Mother, buy the hat with all the feathers on it!" . . . "Roger didn't steal the chicken." The voice trailed into silence as the clock in the market-place struck twelve.

No Victoria Cross awaited William; no dispatch that crossed the broad Atlantic mentioned his name. But another star was added to the Heavens, and beyond the azure blue God Himself will understand!

Mary Nichols, '20.

* * * * *

THE GROWTH OF LIFE

Wisdom and Experience fell in love and were wedded. According to promise, their love brought forth a child, whom the parents joyously called "Civilization." Fondly they tended it and, though often beset by childish mistakes, the youth grew. Everyone was proud of him and daily he seemed to grow stronger and manlier. At last he neared "man's estate" and left the home of his youth, that he might do his man's share of work in God's world. Wise precepts were given him as he bid them a tender farewell. He started out on a smooth, beautiful roadway called Human Life. Everything looked fair. The birds sang, the wind blew carressingly, and the young man was glad to be alive. He felt that now he could surely and easily fulfill his mission. In his veins his youthful blood pounded and sang of strength—of strength which knows no defeat. He struggled over difficult roads until he came to a parting of the ways. One was called "Peace," the other "Sacrifice." Here he hesitated, but only for an instant. The one was smooth, beautiful and fragrant with sweet flowers. In the distance, afar off, one could see a white dove. Turning to the other road, he beheld stones and rocky crags. The sky was not so blue, there were few flowers and no soft-voiced doves. Only in the distance could be dimly seen a rough wooden cross.

Civilization thought for a minute and considered in which path his work would lie. He thought of the wise precepts given to him, of the great gift he was to give to the world. Surely his work belonged in the pleasant vale of Peace. Why! That was part of his message to mankind. Just as he had placed his foot in the smooth path a sound came to him, a sound as if someone was in distress. He stopped. Pleadingly, it came again, and he could not resist it. Should he turn from his own sphere, from his own work, to aid simply an individual? He, who was destined to work for the multitude. Nay, it could not be! He must make no mistake. And again he pushed forward, eager to do his allotted work.

But yet again the cry of distress was heard. It was far away and its pleading now startled him, for it was the voice of a little child.

True to the instinct of the protector, he stopped abruptly, bowed his head and, in deep sorrow, retraced his steps. He felt that his work, his message, was to be lost. For he knew that no one else could give the lesson of Peace to a weary world save he alone. Yet he could not resist the anguished cry of a little child! To the rocky path he turned and slowly made his way. Jagged rocks cut him as he toiled on. The voice seemed as far away as ever. Doubts filled his mind, and fear. Whither did this lead? To sorrow, distress, perhaps even to death! Should he turn back from what might prove nothing but a vain pursuit? His brave strength utterly repudiated such a thought. Because it was hard? Ten reasons, then, that he would not be defeated. His courage and his strength prompted him to go on with the pursuit. On, to the very end!

Days of hunger and toil wearied him, still he struggled on! At last, after many days, he heard the sound close and insistent. With a superhuman effort he staggered on. Footsore, cut and half-dead, he reached a bend and came face to face with the strangely hewn cross. Still made of wood, it was illumined by a curious light, which dazzled him with its wonderful brilliancy. He hid his face and fell upon his knees. The voice of the child startled him. It stood at the foot of the cross and smiled upon him, as it said:

"I am Truth (the voice of a child crying in the wilderness). Long have I called, but no one would listen. You have chosen well. If thou hadst chosen the other pathway thou surely wouldst have stopped content ere you reached the end. My message is this: The only path to true Peace is by that of sacrifice; the only light for thy feet, the splendor of the Cross."

A. D.



Lieut. Hart Leech

61st Battalion

(Died of wounds).

"To where beyond these voices there
is peace."



EXCHANGE



REVIEW



The Classical Review's last number to hand is for August and September and is therefore twice the usual size. The whole copy is naturally of great interest to specialists, yet one discovers here and there portions of articles that may well appeal to the uninitiated as well. (1) For an example of this sort consult page 131, where a flowery rendering of a fragment of Sappho's is displayed amid the arid wastes of an important and severely intellectual article. (2) Again, on pages 136 to 139 ("Euripides Furens") one finds precious anagrams evolved from Greek tragedy, which incidentally serve to ridicule a recent pamphlet on Euripidean Chronograms. (3) But the most interesting portions by far are found in the reviews of two recent books, (a) "Seutonium," pages 166 to 169, and (b) "Roman Cursive Writing," pages 169 and 170. Of these two articles, the second portions criticize instances of carelessness in scholarship, etc. (as displayed in the books surveyed), in the serio-comic manner of which English tutors alone seem to be capable. The articles are heartily recommended to the first and second years in Arts as collateral reading.

* * * * *

The American Journal of Philology for the months of July, August and September has an article ("Brief Mention"), pages 367 to 383, by the editor, Basil Gildersleeve, that ought to be read by all; the dean of American classicists never contributes an uninteresting article to any periodical. Another article in this number is on "molle atque facetum" (pages 327 to 332), an expression that ought to be familiar to even those who have read only matriculation Latin. It might be noted that the book on Roman Cursive Writing mentioned above is reviewed briefly here (pages 353 and 354), the only statement (beyond the mention of contents) being: "The reviewer finds that this book merits nothing but praise." In view of the article by J. E. Sandys on this subject, one must take this statement with a grain of salt.

* * * * *

The Yale Review for October is rich in valuable reading. Of the poems, "The Wind Barren," by Masefield (written in his best style), and "The Dawn" seem the best. "A Group of Lyrics" is a collection of half-whimsical poems, here and there extremely matter-of-fact, all in vers libre; some of the verses smack of "The River Styx Anthology." The article on the classics, "The Case of Latin" and "Greek in the New University," are noteworthy. The one on "The Death-Grapple with Prussian Militarism" has, I find, important statements marked by some kind hand. The essay ought to be read in toto.

DR. F. D. McGRATTAN

DENTIST

Office Phone, Main 2565

Res. Phone, F.R. 472

602 Boyd Building

Winnipeg

Hey, Boys! If your Boots require fixing, leave them at the

"SCOTCH BOOT REPAIRING STORE"

473 PORTAGE AVENUE

We use English oak-tanned leather. Workmanship guaranteed.

PERCY F. BRAUND

Pharmaceutical Chemist

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, TOILET REQUISITES, KODAKS and SUPPLIES, STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERY

Portage Ave., cor. Colony St. Phone S. 350
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

DR. F. J. LAWSON

DENTIST

306 Kennedy Building

Office Phone Main 4420

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

For the **BEST EATS** served in the
Best Style try

Braemar Lodge

311 COLONY STREET

Prices Revolutionized

21 MEALS FOR \$3.50

C. BAGNALL, Prop.

Established 36 Years

**Douglass - McIntyre
Printing & Binding Co. Ltd.**

E. W. RILEY, Manager

Phones: Garry 3612 and 307

121 PRINCESS STREET

**S. R.
Hunter & Co.****HIGH-CLASS
TAILORING****COLLEGE GOWNS AND
HOODS SUPPLIED****189 LOMBARD STREET**

Special Agents for Harcourt & Sons,
Toronto.



There is a marked scarcity of competent office help in Winnipeg, due to the heavy enlistment of office men. The **Success Business College** graduates are given preference. The **Success** is the largest, strongest, most reliable. It trains more students than all competitors combined—has ten branch schools—enrolls more than 3,000 students annually. Employs competent, courteous, skilled teachers. Enroll any time. Write for information.

**SUCCESS
BUSINESS COLLEGE, LTD.**

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Leonard D. Heaton

CONCERT PIANIST
AND TEACHER

705 Builders' Exchange, Portage Av.
Phone Main 2665

W. George Rutherford

Pupil of O. Sevcik

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Phone Sher. 1015
272 LANGSIDE STREET

ECONOMY

in clothes buying is not merely a matter of what you pay. It is more especially of what you get in return.

Fit-Reform clothes give you value for your money in every case.

PRICES, \$15.00 UP

BURNS & CO. "Fit Reform Store" 291 PORTAGE AVE.

Brigdens, Limited

Farmers' Advocate Building,
Winnipeg, Canada

ARTISTS

DESIGNERS

ENGRAVERS

By all Processes

Your Suit Pressed

In 10 minutes while
you wait for . . . **35c**

at the

Electric French Cleaners
484 Portage Ave. Opp. Wesley College

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LTD.

JEWELLERS
TO WESLEY COLLEGE

Cor. Portage Ave. and Smith St.

Marr's Star Home Bakery

Delicatessen Specialists

CHOICE CAKES AND PASTRIES

The finest display of **COOKED MEATS** in the city

Manufacturers of **Marr's Famous Salad Dressing**, "once used"
"always used"

Our Lunch Room is Now Open
Pay Us a Visit

367 Portage Ave.
PHONE MAIN 8422

Open Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday Evenings
7.30 to 9

Dr. A. H. Weagant
Dr. C. H. Weagant

DENTISTS

PHONE MAIN 5044

216 ENDERTON BUILDING
Corner Portage and Hargrave
(Next West of Eaton's)

Quality Printing



THIS MARK will be found on the catalogues booklets and advertising literature of many of the leading firms and institutions of Winnipeg and is distinctly a mark of quality.

WE ARE experts and give you the maximum result from the least expenditure of time and money. That's why our printing always pays.

Telephone
Garry 2668

This Magazine is Printed in Our Office

DE MONTFORT PRESS

Bannatyne Ave. ON THE CORNER Adelaide Street

Wesley College Buttons Rings and Pins

FOR SALE AT
Andrews' Jewelry Store
424 MAIN STREET

FOLLOW THE OLD CUSTOM

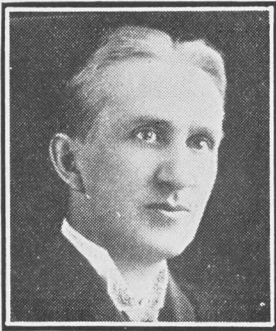
PATRONIZE

LOU'S Barber Shop

Your Razor put in good shape, 25c

OPPOSITE BAY LUNCH
Lou Jeavons, Prop.

Prof. Allison was very
pleased
with his photos. We are sure to
please you.



C. B. W.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

576 Main St. - Phone M. 4725
290 Portage Ave. - Phone G. 4144

We opened the Portage Avenue Studio for the
convenience of South-end and West-end
Patrons, and we are giving to all Wesley
Students 50% off regular prices
until Christmas

Good Meals

Back again near Wesley College
Patronize us as before

CONFECTIONERY

MRS. E. GROVES
421 Portage Avenue

Roses, Carnations

and all Seasonable Flowers
Fresh Daily

Palms, Ferns, Flowering Plants,
Funeral Designs Our Specialty.

The Chicago Floral Co.
340 PORTAGE AVENUE

Phone Main 6196.

Bauslaugh & Taylor

PHOTOGRAPHERS

275 Portage Ave., Kensington Block

SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS
(Gown Supplies)

Photos made in the evening by appointment—by the best Electric Lighting System in the City

Phone Main 3482

Phone Main 1915

Richardson Bros.

PICTURES, PICTURE FRAMES
ARTISTS' MATERIALS, ETC.

LET US FRAME YOUR NEXT
CLASS GROUP

326 Donald Street Winnipeg, Man.

For a full course dinner or a ten cent lunch, don't overlook

THE Kensington Cafe

Corner of Portage and Smith
Of Choice Imported Fruit We Keep
the Best

PHONE MAIN 2855

Helps for Students

If your course is not a success, there is something wrong.

Have you seen our assortment of

TEXT BOOKS

NOTE BOOKS

FOUNTAIN PENS

ETC.

Perhaps they could help
you

The Students' Book Room

Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Economize by Using More

CRESCENT MILK

Cheapest Food Product in the market

REMEMBER OUR ICE CREAM

Telephone Sherb. 312 or Sherb. 3112

J. C. BLAIKIE

TRANSFER

BAGGAGE AND EXPRESS

403 LANGSIDE ST., WINNIPEG

Facts Are Chiels That Wi'na Ding !

Banks, Railroads, Financial and Wholesale concerns all employ Dominion Graduates.

Over 550 concerns are audited by Dominion ex-students.

All Chartered Accountants appointed by Government as Municipal Auditors (1916), with but one exception, are ex-students of the Dominion.

In five years, the Dominion has had more passes at the C. A. Exams. than all other local schools combined have had in 25 years.

WHY?

It may be because of the calibre of the students; or the earnestness of our teachers; or the well defined courses. We hardly think it's luck. Do you?

DOMINION BUSINESS COLLEGE

352½ PORTAGE AVE., SAME SIDE AS EATON'S LIMITED.

(In the Carlton Building)

If You Would See His Photographs, Look About You !

There's a Photographer in
Your Town—

ROBSON

490 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG

GREAT COMFORT in THESE OVERCOATS

That Have Been Sheep-Chamois Lined

Warm Winter Storm Coats at Pricings of \$22.50 and \$25.00

You have only to feel and examine the materials to realize instantly that these are decidedly high-grade coats.



And not alone in fabric, for these fine garments are the product of our very best Canadian tailors—a maker who is especially successful with high-class overcoats. The garments reflect highest skilled and most careful workmanship in every detail, from the cutting to the finishing.

Chamois sheepskin—interlined throughout. Windproof. Proof against damp and frosty air. And heat-conserving; a help towards keeping the body heat from escaping through the loose texture cloth.

Some of these coats are in a very finely napped chinchilla cloth (navy blue, etc.) Others of smooth-finished tweeds in heather mixtures; and some in dark grey and brown diagonal-woven tweeds. All very stylish, highly desirable ulsters, and all very warm, cosy garments.

Needless to add, unusual values at these interesting Eaton markings.

The coats have linings of twilled Italian cloth, and are cut with good full skirts, roomy back (which is taken in with half-belt and pleats at back) and with convertible notch or shawl collar.

EATON PRICED \$22.50 and \$25.00

Men's Clothing Section, Main Floor, Hargrave

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA